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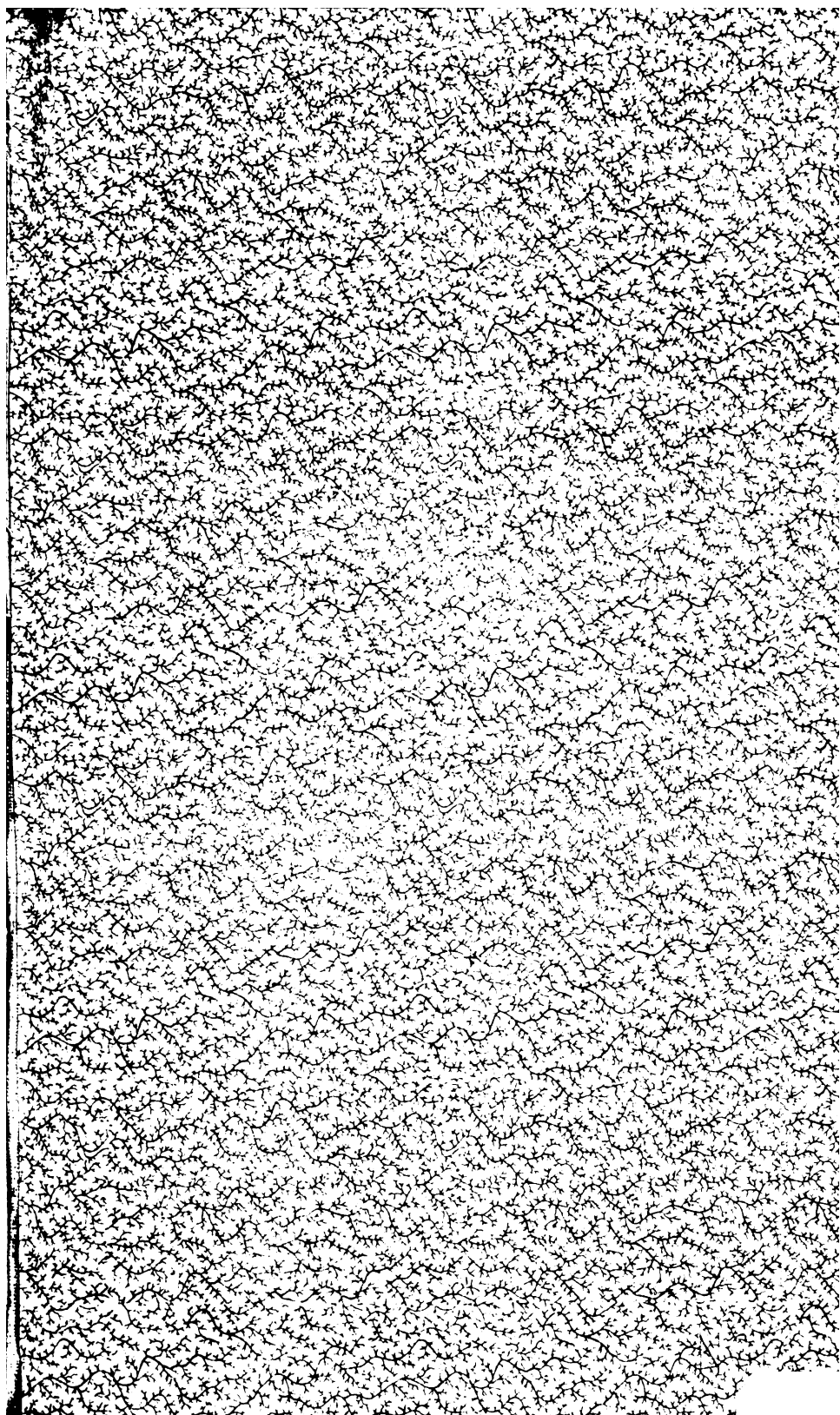
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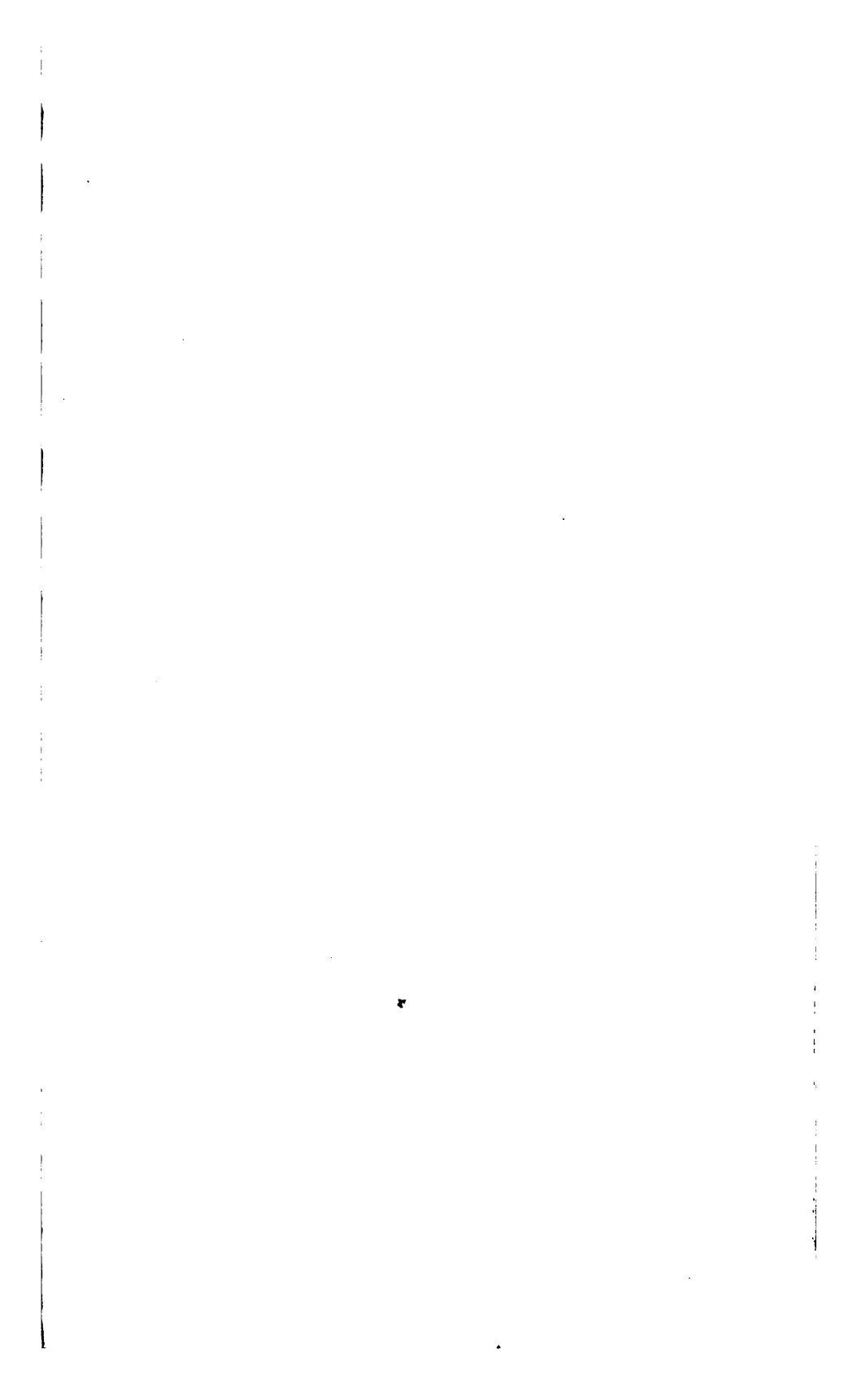
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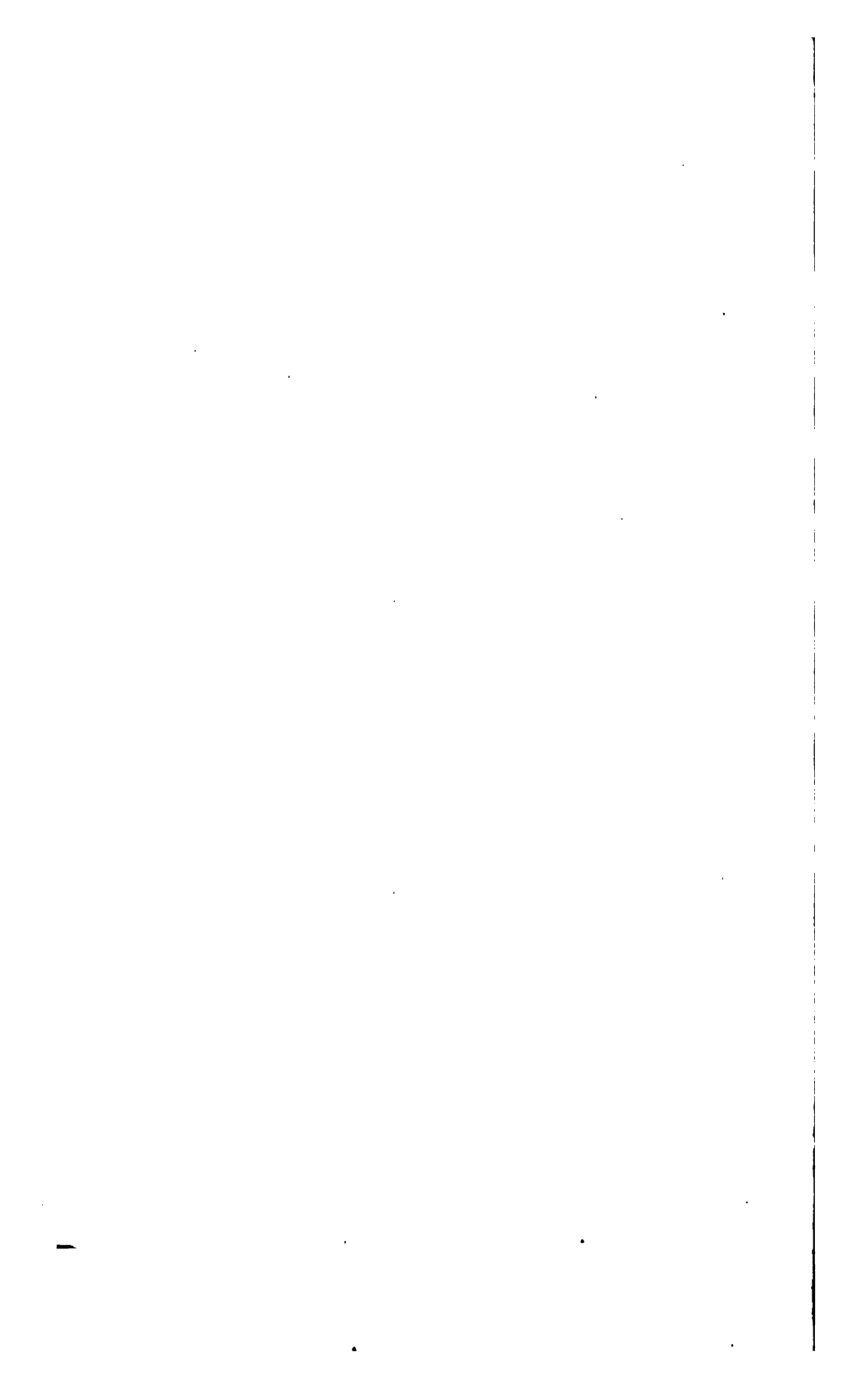
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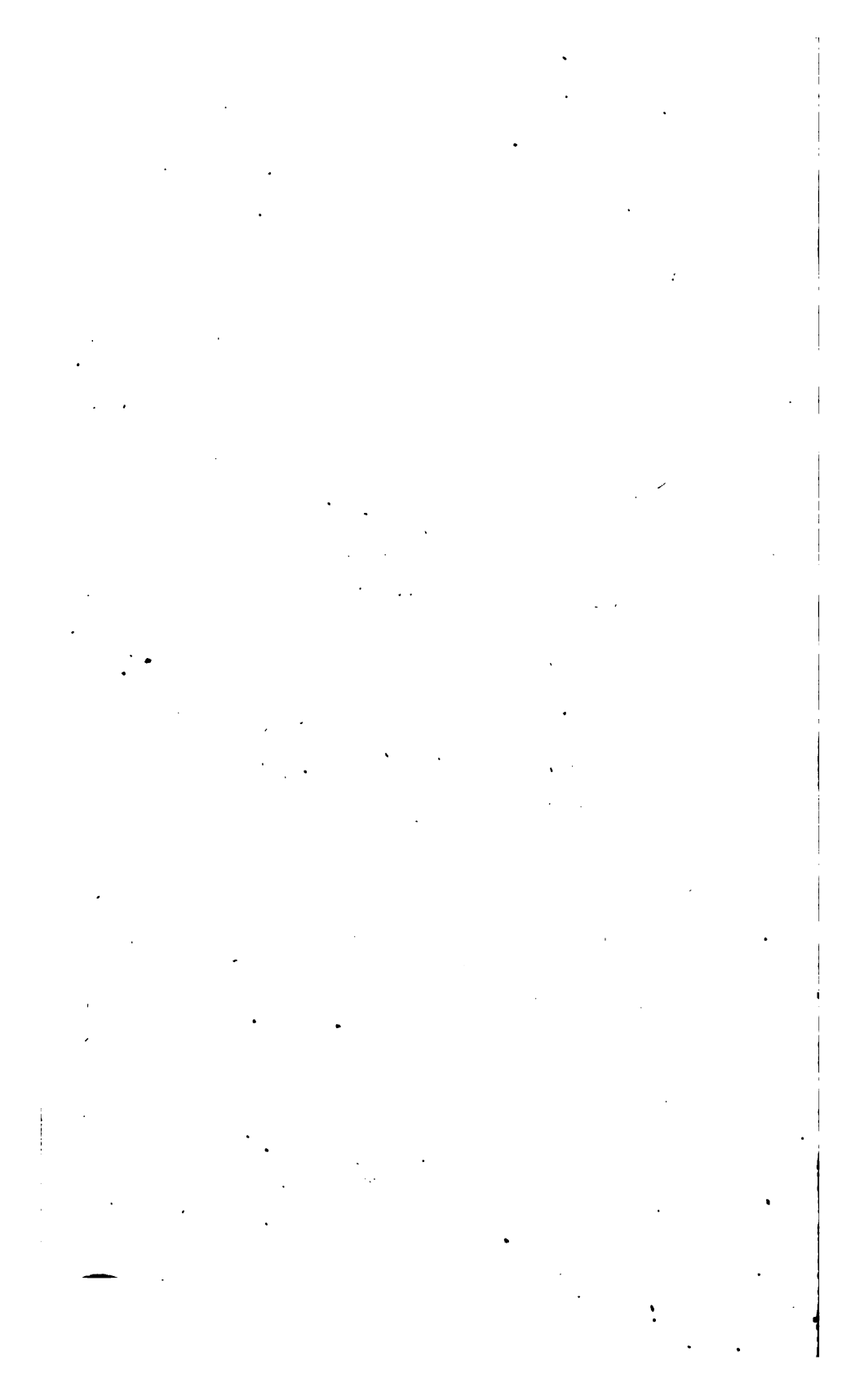




POEMS

on

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.



POEMS

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

By ANNE LUTTON.

O musa—tu che di caduchi allori
Non circondi la fronte in Ellicona,
Ma su nel cielo, infra i beati ceti
'Al di stelle immortali aurea corona;
Tu spira al petto mio celesti ardori,
Tu rischiara il mio canto:—

Tasso,

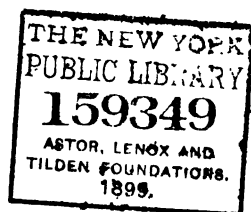
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PREFACE.

WERE it not that a preface is considered by many persons, as an indispensable accompaniment to a book—the Authoress of this volume would prefer laying it before the world without one. But to omit complying with the general custom in this respect, might seem to indicate indifference to public opinion—or, the ridiculous ascription of extraordinary merit, to what will be found simple in its style, and owing its chief importance to its moral and religious inculcations.

Conscious of having been influenced by the best motives, when determining on publication—and equally well aware, how defective her book must appear to those whose reading has been restricted to works of acknowledged excellence, and whose

taste has been formed by the finest models—the Authoress conceives that apology, is, in the first instance unnecessary—and would be, perhaps, in the second, unavailing.

She merely ventures to observe, that, few of the pieces in this collection, are of recent date—most of them are the effusions of her early years—all avowedly imperfect—and compared with the importance of sacred subjects, inadequate.—Yet, as she expects ere long to present to the public, a poem, more extended in its nature, and, perhaps, possessing stronger claims to general notice—she ventures to express the hope, that in this volume there will be found something, to render a succeeding one not altogether undesirable.—And she will always esteem it the happiest result of every literary labour, should her efforts prove serviceable to the cause of vital Christianity, by inspiring or cherishing sentiments congenial with its spirit and tendency.

Moirs, July 8, 1829.

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POEMS.

HOPE.

'Twas eve—and the sun had just sunk from our sight,
As he tinged with his gold-streaming splendour the west;
Dim twilight preceded the dark-bosom'd night,
And the woodland's wild choristers hasten'd to rest.

One only, remain'd on a thorn's topmost spray,
Whence, sweetly he pour'd his soft notes on the gale;
With the skill of a songster he varied his lay,
Now brisk seem'd the catches—now plaintive the tale.

'Tis thus, when adversity's shades are descending,
And joy's rosy tints are withdrawn from the mind;
Though chill be the blast, and the tempest impending,
Hope, solace of sorrow, still lingers behind.

I listen'd with rapture, as borne on the breeze,
The streams of rich melody floated around;
So simple, so soothing, so suited to please,
That devotion itself was inspired by the sound.

And longer the strain would have swell'd on my ear,
And the music have ever continued to charm:
But quick the gale rose—and the warbler, through fear,
Sought a branch less exalted, less subject to harm.

Ah! hapless removal—for as he essay'd
His wild notes again, fate arrested his breath;
Grimalkin, who long the fair prize had survey'd,
Caught, crush'd, and consign'd the poor flutterer to death.

Many years have elapsed, since his music was heard
Soft warbling amid the thorn's foliage so green,
Yet, oft'times I think on the beautiful bird,
And this is the moral I draw from the scene:—

That, when Hope sits aloft from the world and its care,
We may listen with safety, for bliss is in store;
But if downward she flies, caution whispers, "Beware,
"Let the song of the syren delight thee no more."



THE ROSE AND THE GERANIUM.

I HATE detraction—and disclaim
The wish to injure or destroy :
I would not hurt an honest fame,
For all that India's wealth could buy.

Yet, truth shall o'er my verse preside,
And animate my humble lay ;
Whilst, from the tow'ring crest of pride
I pluck the borrow'd plumes away.

For ages past, the Rose has been
Admir'd for fragrant scent and hue,
By poets called the garden's queen,
And fairest flower that sips the dew.

Yet, when my artless tale is known,
 Perhaps her Majesty may prove,
 Deserving of our scorn alone,
 Our pointed censure—not our love.

One summer's day, a full-blown Rose
 Perceived a fine Geranium, placed
 Close by her bed—there to disclose
 The beauties which her bosom graced.

Provoked, she cried, "Dost thou presume,
 "Ignoble plant! to vie with me?
 "Hence—to a more congenial gloom,
 "Light suits a Rose—but darkness thee.

"I, virtue's sacred semblance wear,
 "Unlike thy dull unvarying green;
 "None, with impunity, shall dare
 "To intrude as rivals on this scene."

"Cease," said Geranium, "nor prophane
"The sacred name of virtue here;
"Say, canst thou make thy short-lived reign,
"As lasting as her date appear?

"She blooms unchang'd, contemns the power
"Of drifting wind, or furious storm:
"And hence, Geraniums prove, proud flower,
"Meet emblems of fair virtue's form."

The Rose rejoin'd—invectives new
Were found to swell her speech each minute,
To his parterre, the gard'ner flew,
To see what demon had got in it.

Complaints were lodged, and both express'd
A wish, that he would end the fight:
"This," said the Rose, "though I request,
"I'm positive I'm in the right."

"It matters not," the gard'ner cried,
 "Already you have said too much;
 "As umpire, I shall soon decide,
 "I know there's magic in my touch."

He grasp'd the Rose—she droop'd her head,
 Her crimson leaves on earth reclin'd;
 But, as her boasted honours fled,
 She left a rankling thorn behind.

Geranium next, he rudely caught,
 But doom'd in this attempt to fail;
 Repeated efforts only brought
 Fresh odours to the passing gale.

"'Tis thus," he cried, "that virtue springs
 "Elastic from the touch of woe;
 "Care's pressure, oft her bosom wrings,
 "But cannot lay her beauties low.

" In adverse winds, and threat'ning skies,

" Where dangers lurk, or ills await;

" Virtue is ever seen to rise

" Superior to the frowns of fate.

" Whilst earth-born bliss, like Roses gay,

" The devious path of life adorns;

" But pluck'd, it quickly fades away,

" And leaves us, mortals—nought but thorns."



ELLA.

“ CEASE—little songster—cease thy strain,
“ To other shades away ;
“ Nor let me hear those notes again,
“ Wild warbled from the spray.

“ Canst thou the troubled bosom cheer,
“ Where grief hath fix'd its dart ;
“ Or, through the medium of the ear,
“ Beguile the woe-worn heart ?

“ Canst thou, assuming reason's voice,
“ The stormy passions quell ;
“ Or bid the lonely heart rejoice,
“ Where sorrow loves to dwell ?

“ Oh ! could I, from thy artless lay,
“ A moment’s joy receive ;
“ I’d listen, from the dawn of day,
“ Till latest close of eve.

“ Selected from the feather’d throng,
“ I’d own thy soothing power,
“ And catch the music of thy song,
“ In every leafy bower.

“ But, ah ! in melody’s soft sounds,
“ No magic influence lies,
“ To heal the bosom’s inmost wounds,
“ Or calm a widow’s sighs.

“ Then, little songster, cease thy strain,
“ To other shades away ;
“ Nor let me hear those notes again,
“ Wild warbled from the spray.”—

'Twas thus the hapless Ella spoke,
 Sad murmuring to the wind;
 And never did affliction's yoke
 A gentler spirit bind.

A Redbreast, on a neighbouring thorn,
 His early matins sung;
 Whilst, half exhaled, the drops of morn
 Upon the foliage hung.

The mingled prospect rose to view,
 Hills, woods, and cultured vales;
 And Flora's train sweet fragrance threw,
 To scent the passing gales.

But Robin's song, though caroll'd sweet,
 Nor Zephyr's balmy air,
 Nor hills, woods, vales, with charms replete,
 Could smooth the brow of care.

For, 'twere in vain to hope to trace,
Though sought from pole to pole,
In outward objects, white-robed peace,
Which centres in the soul.—

In Ella's cheeks, the pleasing hue
Of rosy health was o'er;
And sorrow dimm'd those eyes of blue,
Where pleasure beam'd before.

And well might sorrow dim her eye,
And health forsake her cheek;
She felt, in every rising sigh,
The woes she could not speak—

To check the proud Invader's boast,
On Lusitania's plain,
Brave Alfred left his native coast,
And cross'd the flowing main.

In vain the claims of child or wife,
 Within his bosom, strove ;
 Honour was dearer far than life,
 Than liberty, or love.

His heart was noble, feeling, true,
 For social pleasures made ;
 But, roused by duty's calls, he knew
 Those calls must be obey'd.

He left his Ella, sad, to mourn—
 He left his blooming boy ;
 But never did his lov'd return
 Their lonely bosoms joy.

He fought—he fell—the evening gale
 Receiv'd his parting breath ;
 And soon, to Ella came the tale
 Of gallant Alfred's death.

But not in Alfred's hapless doom,
Misfortune's work was done;
For Ella, to the silent tomb
Consign'd her infant son.

Then, well might sorrow dim her eye,
And health forsake her cheek;
She felt, in every rising sigh,
The woes she could not speak—

—Mourner! there is a balm for grief,
A solace for distress:
Earth cannot give thee this relief,
But God has power to bless.

Oh! then, let gladness fill thy heart,
Hope re-illumine thine eye;
Who meet in Heaven, shall never part—
Live there, shall never die!—

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A GARDEN once—no matter where—
Provided that my tale be true ;
Was planted with the nicest care,
With flowers of various size and hue.

The Tulip, there those tints display'd,
That lavish Nature had bestow'd her ;
In white the Lily stood array'd,
And Pinks diffused a spicy odour.

'Twas Summer—and the genial showers,
Still on the reign of Spring attendant,
No longer gemm'd the opening flowers,
Nor from their loaden'd leaves were pendent.

And soon the sun exhaled the kind,
Fresh moisture earth received before—
Depriv'd of this, the plants declined,
And vegetable life seem'd o'er.

When, soft, their fragrance to renew,
And through each pore fresh vigour spread,
As eve advanced, a gentle dew
Its renovating influence shed.

So, when prosperity's bright rays,
Refulgent on our prospects shine,
How soon our mental strength decays—
Relax'd we sink—unnerved, decline—

'Till evening shades, and dark'ned skies,
Misfortune's gloomy night portend ;
Then visionary pleasure flies,
And low beneath the breeze we bend.

Yet adverse strokes are all design'd,
Instructive lessons to impart;
To curb the will, inform the mind,
Or meek submission teach the heart.

And, sweetly, 'tis allow'd by Heaven,
Woe comes not, but by Hope attended;
Strength with the trying hour is given;
And grief and joy are oft'times blended.—

—Night's shadows fled, and gentle Day
Again illumined every scene;
Whilst dew-drops, 'neath the solar ray,
Stood glittering on the foliage green.

A Butterfly, whose greatest care
Was how his person to adorn,
Now ventured forth, to take the air,
And view the beauties of the morn.

His head, which plumes of feathers graced,
Evinced this truth to all around—
That something *outside* should be placed,
Where nothing *inside* can be found.

From flower to flower he gaily flew,
And scarce a moment stopp'd to rest;
For varied joys, and pleasures new,
Are known to please a trifler best.

Wearied at length, he sought repose,
And ventured boldly to intrude—
Where—on the bosom of a rose,
A Bee his daily task pursued.

The Butterfly observed his toil,
With mark'd contempt survey'd his labour,
Then, turning with a scornful smile,
He thus address'd his humble neighbour :

" Poor slave ! I pity much thy lot,

" Condemn'd to work, when others play ;

" In one, sad, solitary spot,

" Thou'rt doom'd to spend the pleasing day.

" For thee, gay Flora sheds, in vain,

" The fragrance of her choicest flowers ;

" The thoughts of wealth—the hopes of gain,

" Alone, employ thy youthful hours.

" Come—fly with me—we'll jointly share

" Whatever charms rich Summer yields :

" I'll guide thee, with the nicest care,

" Through verdant lawns and flowery fields.

" I'll shew thee where Narcissus blooms,

" I'll lead thee to the Cowslip fair ;

" And where the Pink the gale perfumes,

" Together we will revel there.

" Thus, morn and noon in bliss we'll spend,
" Where pleasure flies, we'll still pursue it;
" And as for work—my careful friend,
" There's time enough at eve to do it."

" Weak, fluttering thing," the Bee replied;
" Was life bestowed to waste in play?
" Shall vain pursuits, and empty pride,
" Consume the morning of my day?

" Like thee, I mount the early breeze,
" Like thee, aloft in air I soar;
" But, not like thee, *content* in ease,
" I always seek for something more.

" How widely different are our views!
" 'Tis mere amusement makes thee roam;
" Whilst, in the shortest flight I choose,
" I'm sure to carry profit home.

" I too, enjoy the landscape's charms,

" I too, the Rose's moisture sip ;

" But, whilst thou idlest in her arms,

" I gather honey from her lip.

" Alas ! when Winter chills the sky,

" When all thy boasted joys are past ;

" Where wilt thou, houseless wanderer, fly,

" To shield thee from the piercing blast.

" Would Summer's sun for ever shine,

" Thy time, 'tis true, might still be pleasant ;

" But soon, thou'lt know in life's decline,

" All seasons are not like the present.

" Yet, ere we part, mark what I say,

" From sage experience this I borrow—

" He, who in *folly* spends his *day*,


" Shall surely pass his *night* in *sorrow*."

He ceased—but 'twas in vain he sought
The giddy idler to reclaim;
Who, quick disdaining to be taught,
Was borne down ruin's rapid stream.

Winter arrived—and soon destroy'd,
What milder seasons gave before—
The Bee his little hoard enjoy'd;
The Butterfly was seen no more.—

—Ye dissipated of mankind,
Who laugh at wisdom's sober rules;
Who say, religion is design'd,
A mask for knaves, or garb for fools.

Scorn not the simple tale I've told,
Nor say, 'tis fit for youth alone;
But in an insect's fate, behold
A striking emblem of your own.



Ye, who like giddy butterflies,
A momentary bliss pursue;
When death's cold winter shall arise,
Like butterflies must perish too.

Go—imitate the Christian's course,
And learn from him the way to live;
For he partakes at pleasure's source,
What earth's enjoyments never give.

He, like the Bee, from every scene,
From every object, sweetness draws;
And careless what may intervene,
Slights the world's censure and applause.

Here he has no secure abode,
And hence his treasure is above;
Where moths can't injure, rust corrode,
Nor thieves that treasure thence remove.

HOME CIRCUIT.

REPORT OF A TRIAL BEFORE THE HONOURABLE JUDGE CON-
SCIENCE, AND A SPECIAL JURY.

For Eight of the Jurors. See 2 Pet. 1. 5—7.

THE WORLD, VERSUS TONGUE.

THIS trial, most important to the State,
Excited general interest through the Court;
A mob of Passions, insolent and loud,
Th' abettors of the prosecution—strove
With clamorous noise, to urge their several claims—
Till, wearied by their efforts, and their stock
Of eloquence exhausted—they sat down—
Like some loquacious dame, who only yields
To yawning hearers, and her own fatigue.

Order restored—the pris'ner stood arraign'd
For negligence of duty—on which charge,
The Prosecutor's counsel thus began—

“ —My Lord—before I venture, in detail
To adduce such evidence, as best may show
Proof unequivocal of prisoner's guilt:
Permit me to remark; this cause demands
A Jury, not of infants, but adults—
Mature in reason—competent to judge—
Unprejudiced—and—natives of the soil.
What see I here? a group of rosy babes—
With scarce one stripling form to rule their sports,
Or furnish playthings to the little band.
All foreigners—and—as their names import,
All hostile to my client and his friends!
But far, my Lord, from wishing to remove
These confidential servants of the State—
These trusty guardians of the common weal—
Whose fault'ring accents, mark their tender years:
I merely mention, what must strike the Court
As palpable—that, on your Lordship's self
The grand decision of the case depends.
If you approve the verdict, we submit—

But if a doubt arises in your breast,
That doubt, the Jury's finding, will reverse—
Which, first premised, I now proceed in form.

The Soul and Body form a compact, strong
And indissoluble—unless by Death—
Invisible the former—undefined.—
The latter gross—of earthly mould composed—
Inert—or rarely moving 'till impelled.—

That is an active principle within ;
This is a passive instrument without.

Hence the superiority, the Soul
Possesses o'er the Body—hence the words
Proceeding from the one, are justly deem'd
As issued by the other, through that means.
The pris'ner Tongue—as herald of the heart,
Holds a distinguish'd place—through him we send
Our exports in our traffic with the world ;
The Ear conveys our imports—now, 'tis plain,
Whatever hurts our commerce—in the end
Diminishes our wealth—nor this alone—
But if th' obstruction in our channel lies,
It makes a friendly power a bitter foe,
Who—either quite deserts us—or intent

On mischief, throws in bales of dangerous ware—
Malevolent insinuations—hints—
Evil surmisings—and the shafts of Pride,
Who stung herself—now stings us in return—
Is this a merely speculative point?
A theoretic system, fancy form'd?
A breath-inflated bubble, which, when touch'd,
Dissolves that instant—and is seen no more?
My Lord—'tis real—nor far distant—here
The evil rises, and th' effects are seen.—
The Body, in its situation, lies
Close in the precincts of my client World.
A mutual interchange of friendly terms,
Of trifling chit-chat—and the various modes
Politeness will devise to charm an hour,
Are indispensable—now I can prove
From mem'ry's note book, that the pris'ner Tongue,
Far from attempting to secure esteem,
Conciliate favour, or avert contempt,
Has lain quiescent, heedless of his post,
When volubility was most required.
Eyes were attentive—Ears disposed to hear—
But he was dormant—or, if forced to move,

A monesyllable came slowly forth !
Unparalleled perverseness in a slave,
Whose servitude should teach him to obey—
From whose garrulity, the world appears
To estimate the value of the Soul !

Before I finish—suffer me to bring
An instance of his cruelty, to one
Whose length of residence, and strength of arm,
Entitled him to treatment less severe.
’Twas by repeated provocations roused,
That Anger started from his deep repose,
And snatching up a load of bitter words,
With hasty step, traversed his dusky way.
Beset by midnight darkness, on he sped—
Still adding to his burden—till he gain’d
The avenue that leads to Tongue’s abode.
Up this he clamber’d, whilst his bloated face,
Evinced the pain he suffered, as he went.
The Tongue beheld him coming—felt his tread
Already on the threshold of his door—
Inhospitable wretch ! he ranged the house—
Collected all his powers—and quick discharged
A flood salivous on the victim’s head.

Down roll'd the traveller headlong, whilst the shock
His ample shoulders lightened of their load.
Down—down he rolled—much faster than he rose;
His head, not feet, exploring whence he came.
Alas—poor Anger! thou hast never been
A man of mighty prowess, from that time—
For, violent contusions on thy skull
Have left thee little, but the name to live!
—My Lord—the pris'ner's guilt is past a doubt.
I therefore move—that as confinement's gloom
Would be no punishment—and dental force
Might incapacitate him for his work—
He be admonish'd sharply, and reprov'd
For this his heinous conduct in times past.”

He ceased—and Counsel for the pris'ner spoke.
“ —My Lord—the present charge appears to me
Erroneous, as the premises are false.
What did the learned Counsel pre-suppose,
When he commenced proceedings in this suit?
Was it, that silence in the pris'ner Tongue
Is always reprehensible?—or when
In company, that he is bound to speak?
Does he forget, that duty is twofold—

The one part positive—where all enjoined,
 Is strictly necessary to be done ;
 The other negative—where the command
 Prohibitory, marks where actions cease ?
 Is't less incumbent on us, to refrain
 From doing evil—than—to practice right ?
 I say 'tis more—for where the active good
 Is optional—the agent may exert
 His liberty of choice—and do or not,
 As adventitious matters may advise,
 Or things contingent influence his will—
 And be less culpable, than if he sinn'd
 Where absolute restrictions were set down,
 As utmost barriers of the well known law.
 When Adam, by the all-prolific Word
 Form'd from the dust, first started into life;
 A prohibition was his Maker's charge—
 “ The day thou eatest, thou shalt surely die.”
 —Nor till man lost his innocence, was given
 The subsequent command—“ Do this, and live.”—
 Who is this well beloved, this potent World,
 For whom the mental faculties, and powers
 Corporeal—must be ever kept in play ?

Why, 'tis another Saul that rules the land—
Jealous—capricious—arrogant—and false—
Whose evil spirit, constantly requires
The youthful David to allay its rage!
And must the soul resign its peaceful shades—
Relinquish what its Father gave to keep—
To serve a tyrant master—from whose arm
The wound-inflicting dart is often thrown,
To pierce the harmless victim of its rage,
Even whilst that victim strives to please him most?
—What said our Sovereign Lord? “Love not the World—
Neither the things thereof—for whoso loves
The World—the Father’s love is not in him.”
—The interdicted friendship I disclaim,
Nor fear the enemy, when known as such—
Less to be dreaded, than when clad in smiles,
With hypocritical pretence of love.
The foe most dangerous is a treach’rous friend.
—Go—search the Statute Book—and if one clause
Be found therein to justify the choice,
And recommend the favour of the World—
Then—and then only—will I cease to say
That treason lurks where mundane thoughts arise—

That worldly wishes are the embryo acts
Of foul rebellion—ready to break forth
In words of wickedness and deeds of death.—

Is it suggested, that in trifling points,
Compliance cannot hurt us, and may tend
To keep our peace unbroken?—I reply—
There's nothing trifling, where the soul's at stake.
There's not a feather in the wing of Time,
But's freighted for eternity, and writes
Its memorandum, in the ample page
Heav'n's register discloses—there to lie
Till Mercy's reign be o'er—and Justice, strict,
Inexorable Justice takes her place!—
Not by our actions only, shall we fall;
Our words will justify—our words condemn.
—Here then—my Lord—the pris'ner is impeached
For *non-commission of unlawful acts!*
A charge as novel, as it seems absurd—
But pause we for a moment, ere we fix
Its designation—these proceedings wear
The marks of ignorance—but may unfold
A deep laid scheme of artifice—design'd
To wound our peace, and spread a general gloom.

Perhaps, the Prosecutor shrewdly guessed,

When he began—the probable result

Of our deliberations on this case—

Perhaps he had discovered, that the brood

Oviparous of vanity, within

Lay latent—ready to rush forth to view,

When incubated by warm self-applause.

If we acquit the pris'ner—let me ask,

What is most likely to ensue from thence?

Why—we transfer the merit to ourselves—

We call his words, our work—his actions, ours—

Nor in the hurry of tumultuous joy,

Do we remember that 'tis God alone

Inclines to purpose, strengthens to perform,

And that to Him the glory should be given.—

Pride's arrows dipt in venom, pierce the breast—

The poison spreads—dilating unperceived;

'Till swell'd by lofty thoughts of our own worth—

Those second harpies, whose polluted touch

Renders us odious in the sight of heaven—

The heart becomes corrupted—and the life

Touch'd by the foul disease, proclaims it too.

“ Here,”—thought the Enemy, when he commenced

His operations—"here shall be the breach,
And I re-enter, Sovereign of the Soul."
But no—my brethren—let us rise at once,
Foreseeing what may happen—timely warn'd
By Prudence, to avert the deadly stroke,
And crush the serpent, ere we feel its sting.—

Let us enquire—has Tongue in every point
Perform'd the task allotted him to do?
Has he not only kept aloof from sin,
But warn'd the sinner of impending wrath?
Has he been present, where the name of God
Was oft profaned—and where the sland'rous tale
Traduced the characters of those we love—
Has he been silent there, or, has he shown
An honest indignation in the cause
Of trampled piety and injured worth?
Has he reproved the guilty—helped the weak—
Taught the unletter'd—given the mourner hope—
Pray'd for the prayerless—sought the wand'ring sheep,
And strove to lead them to the fold again?
If he has not—we censure—not applaud.
Religion is not selfish—it includes
An universal love—an ardent wish

That all mankind might prove, thro' saving grace,
Obedient subjects to their lawful king.—
—Feathers may float along the rapid stream,
Glide round obstructions, and pursue their course.
But solid bodies, when opposed, move on
Undeviating, in the line prescribed—
Surmount the hindrances, or else impel
Them forward, as companions in the way"—
——He ceased—the evidence was then summ'd up—
The Jury charged—deliberation had—
Verdict—"NOT GUILTY"—echoed through the Court—
The Judge confirm'd it—and—the matter dropt.



CLEANTHES' HYMN TO JUPITER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

SUPREME in glory, mid th' immortal throng—
August in titles—as in empire Strong—
Omnipotent—Eternal—Jove—First Cause
Of Nature—and Presider o'er her laws—
Hail!—'tis a mortal's privileged address,
'Tis ours to rev'rence—and 'tis Thine to bless;
For we thine offspring are*—thy semblance wear
Dimly discernible—obscurely fair—
And whilst to beasts no boon of speech is given,
Man holds high converse as a son of heaven.
Thee, therefore, will I sing—Thee celebrate—

* See Acts xvii. 28.

In, and o'er all, pre-eminently Great !

Creation's Structure moves at Thy command,
And wheels obedient to Thy guiding Hand ;
That all-subduing Hand, which wields in state
The flaming—ever living bolt of fate—
Which serves as bulwark to this massy ball—
Raises—represses—or encircles all—
Directs—disposes with unceasing care—
And aids Thy Providence, felt every where—
Such art Thou—so exalted—Sov'reign King—
O'er Monarchs, meaner mortals—matter—every thing !
—Thine is device—developement—design—
Performance—project—purpose—all are Thine.
Celestial Science—and the useful Arts,
That good exhibit, which Thy power imparts.
In earth—air—ocean—works of strength and skill,
But show Thy presence—and subserve Thy will—
Nor art Thou absent, or averse—from aught
But wicked deeds, by impious wretches wrought.
—Wide as Thy influence, we Thy impress trace,
Great Source of beauty ! from whose radiant face,
Deformity itself, derives reflected grace.
—Esteem'd by Thee, are things we little prize,

Ours are but partial—Thine, all-seeing eyes.
But could we view beneath Thy wise controul,
How ev'ry part conduces to the whole—
How seeming contraries together blend,
And move united, towards one common end—
How joy is heightened by the grief we feel,
And how our woe accelerates our weal—
Who, then—would dare Thy Providence arraign,
Or call Thee cruel, when inflicting pain?

Oh! hapless they, who kindling at the sight
Of good attainable, if sought aright,
Yet seek it not by means allowed by Thee—
Blind to Thy purpose—deaf to Thy decree.
Intent on what obedience would ensure,
They pant for plenty—and are ever poor—
They slight Thy guidance—leap thy barrier law—
And wander farther from the good they saw.
With paths dissimilar, but end the same,
Some toil for wealth—and others fight for fame.
Whilst not a few, pursuits like these dismiss—
And sensual pleasures mark their road to bliss—
All bounteous Jove! whose cloud encompass'd seat
Supports the Thunderer—Gracious, tho' so Great,

• Snatch them from dire delusion—error's maze—
Pour on their mental darkness, truth's bright rays—
Give them discernment, to perceive and tell
Thou reign'st in wisdom, and dost all things well !
—Thus, by Thee honour'd—they in just return
Will honour Thee—and for Thy glory burn—
Swell the perpetual song—Thy praise rehearse—
And make thy works, the subject of their verse.
—Delightful duty ! to our race assign'd,
Sweet to a human, or angelic mind !
The choicest blessing which Thy love conveys,
Is to elicit and accept, our praise.



IMITATION OF HORACE—BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus," &c.

Who feels the peace of God within—
That vital strength—that comfort sure—
Who, from the slightest taint of sin,
Studies to keep a conscience pure :

The boasted aids which earth supplies,
Feeble at best, he scorns to borrow ;
Taught by his Lord, he's truly wise,
And arm'd with faith, he smiles at sorrow.

Whether Life's journey leads through flowers,
Humility prevents a snare ;
Or, where the sky tempestuous lowers,
Joyful his heart, for Christ is there.

As, late, my course I heav'n-ward sped,
 Affliction mark'd me for its prey:
 Upward I look'd—"my *Saviour*!" said,
 And all its terrors fled away.

Yet, in Misfortune's rugged train,
 Few more appalling ills I see;
 And, though adversity may pain,
 It bears no wound so deep to me.

Place me beneath the Frigid Zone—
 Cold—dreary—void of vegetation;
 Or in the Torrid, where the Sun
 Beams with upclouded emanation.

I'll love my Jesus every where—
 To every one His goodness tell,
 Who, sweetly smiling, soothes my care—
 Who, sweetly pleading, saves from Hell.

HORACE—BOOK I. ODE XXXI.

"Parvus Deorum cultor et infrequens," &c.

**ALAS ! when Folly's paths I trod,
How seldom did I worship God,
Or own His mighty reign !
Whilst human wisdom fill'd my head,
My heart, by Pleasure captive led,
Grew fonder of its chain.**

**But back I venture, to explore
The living way, despis'd before,
The way of peace—of Heaven.
I hoist my sails—my course renew—
Resolved my voyage to pursue,
'Till all I seek be given.**

How great is God !—His lightning flies,
Commission'd, through the vaulted skies,
Cloud-rending as it rolls.
The winds his steeds—His chariot fire—
He moves majestic in his ire,
And shakes th' affrighted Poles.

How good is God !—in all His ways,
Frowning or smiling, He displays
A kind paternal care :
Exalts the low—the high casts down—
Here seizes Fortune's glittering crown,
And joys to place it *there*.



HORACE—BOOK II. ODE III.

"Equam memento rebus in arduis," &c.

**MORTAL ! remember to maintain,
In every state, an equal mind :
Restrain'd in joy—upheld in pain—
Grateful for good—to ills resign'd.**

**Art thou the friendless child of woe,
Whose heart is sad—whose lot is poor ?
From equanimity will flow
A lenient balm, if not a cure.**

**Or art thou Fortune's fav'rite heir ?
Does sanguine Hope thy breast dilate ?
Thy mansion large—thy gardens fair—
Thy fame diffused—thy riches great ?**

Oh ! when thou liest beneath the shade,
Pleasure's enchanting train in view ;
Learn from the blossoms of the mead,
As sweet thy life—as transient too.

Thou yet shalt leave the festive board,
The spacious dome, the garden's pride ;
And thy choice scenes, and golden hoard,
By thy successor be enjoy'd.

It matters not from whom thy birth—
A Prince or pauper, Lord or slave ;
Nor what thou art thyself on earth—
The common portion is—the Grave.

Or soon, or late, the time must come,
When, forced relentless Death t' obey,
We all shall leave our friends—our home—
Enter his bark, and launch away.

HORACE—BOOK I. EPISTLE XVI.

"Ne percuncteris," &c.

DEAR Friend, perhaps you wish to know
From whence my streams of comfort flow;
What fruitful lands their master nourish,
What vines I plant—how olives flourish.
Loquacious, to this theme I fly,
And, ere you question, I reply;
The boundaries of my farm produce,
Its situation, and its use.

The hills in quick succession rise,
And mountain summits reach the skies;
The intermediate vales are seen,
Array'd in various shades of green;
Here, rising Sol, with orient rays,
Involves the landscape in a blaze;
There, he with majesty retires,

And woods, scarce pervious, feel his fires.
A temp'rate sky, a fruitful soil—
The very thorns appear to smile
With jetty sloes, and berries red,
Thick clust'ring round their owner's head;
Umbrageous oaks their branches rear,
And swine-delighting acorns bear.
Deep buried in this wild retreat,
I fear no tempest—feel no heat;
Its arches cool, its coverts warm,
Defy alike the sun and storm.
A chrystal's fountain's sources, here,
Send streams salubrious—waters clear—
As cold—and as pellucid too,
As Thracian Hebrus ever knew.

Now let me pause—and tell thee, Friend,
The dream of life must quickly end.
Wealth gives not joy—nor grandeur rest—
Be virtuous—if thou wouldst be blest.
Rome calls thee happy—art thou so?
Perhaps thy feelings answer—No.
Some calls thee just—with caution hear—
Consult thy conscience—not thy ear;

Nor let the thought absurd intrude,
Man may be happy, though not good.—
If people choose to call thee great,
Be what thou seem'st—avoid deceit—
No vizard wear—no vice dissemble—
When greatly praised, then greatly tremble.
Let not thy table prove a snare—
Disease awaits th' intemperate there.
Fools first indulge, and then endure—
False shame prohibiting a cure—
The wretch conceals it whilst he can,
Then drops the mask, and shews the man.
The pois'nous tale of flattery shun—
Make not another's praise thy own :
Or, if thou seek'st a virtuous name,
Tell me, dost thou deserve the same ?
“ Call'd good and prudent, I allow,
“ I wish to be—and so dost thou.”
Yes—but—who gives me fame to-day,
Perhaps, to-morrow, takes away.
The heated people loudly call
For honours, and I wear them all :
Again, their own they quick require—

I drop my trappings, and retire.—

Perhaps thou say'st, "The public voice

"Should never cause us to rejoice;

"But, when with calumny 'tis fraught,

"Who can withstand the bitter thought?

"Whose cheeks with crimson are not dyed.

"If call'd unchaste or parricide?"

Those empty plaudits—this disgrace,

Affect not—but where vice has place.

Struck with emotions of surprise,

Say'st thou, "Who, then, is good or wise?"

Go—ask the multitude—they tell,

He who observes the statutes well:

Who quiets quarrels—quashes strife—

And leads a sober—moral life—

And, yet, the neighbourhood can find

Faults in his manners, and his mind—

Morality a specious veil,

And every speech an artful tale.

Should such a one, with choler warm,

Address me—"Sir—I do no harm:

"I neither rob, nor guilty roam

"An exile from my native home."

'Tis well—I answer—this rewards thee,
No bond confines—no soldier guards thee.
“ I’ve never murder’d ”—well, again—
The thoughts of gibbets give no pain.
“ I’m innocent—I’m just—I’m true ”—
Hold—hold—thou’rt wrong—I’ll prove it too.
For cautious wolves of pits beware,
And hawks suspect the wily snare—
The greedy fish, with longing look
Eyes, yet rejects, the baited hook;
And fearing the avenging times
Of justice, thou art kept from crimes—
For couldst thou hope the act to hide,
No wickedness would be untried !
Not dread of punishment—but love
Of virtue, doth the virtuous move—
No sin is trifling—not a straw
But gain’d unjustly, breaks a law.
Suppose I lose a bean by stealth—
It scarce diminishes my wealth—
I find no want—I feel no grief,—
Yet still ’tis plunder to the thief !
—Is he the virtuous—who repairs

Each opportunity to prayers—
 Cries “Glorious Father!” oft and loud,
 With zeal astonishing the crowd?—
 Come—watch his lips—attentive hear—
 His whispers only,—are sincere—
 “Give me”—he murmurs—“give me leave
 “My simple neighbours to deceive
 “With honest mein, and fair intention—
 “But Oh! my deeds—let no one mention!”

Stay then—we’ll try another plan—
 ’Tis riches make an upright man.
 No—for the upright is the free—
 And affluence is slavery!
 The worst of servitudes is here,
 To sordid wishes—grovelling fear.—
 He who desires, must also dread—
 Own this—and liberty is fled.
 Who hastens to encrease his store,
 Deserts his station—nay—does more—
 Loses the armour Virtue gave—
 And smiles a beggar and a slave.

 But place the innocent and good,

In city or in solitude—
Let Princes smile or Tyrants frown—
Give ease or pain—his bed is down !
No threat'ning words disturb his rest,
Nor move the quiet of his breast ;
Tell him, thou'lt take his wealth away—
He mildly answers—" So you may"—
Tell him, thou'lt have his limbs confin'd—
He asks thee—" Who can chain the mind ?
My God can free me"—thou repliest,
" That hope is gone—for now thou diest"—
He meek submits—nor can he feel
A terror from th' uplifted steel !
True—he expires—but then 'tis o'er—
Thy vengeance can inflict no more.
Thou strikest the body—but the soul
Rises superior to controul—
The prison falls—confinement's ended—
And life is given, where death's intended.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TRISSINO.

INTENT on studies—whose fair fame can give
Life to an Author—though he cease to live—
Thou sit'st apart—and from commotions free,
Like an experienced pilot seem'st to me ;
Who, having gain'd the port—defies the storm,
And smiles at danger in its darkest form.

Whilst I—afloat on life's appalling wave,
Still feel its fury—still its terrors brave—
Sinuous my course—and far remote the shore,
And vain all human help—oft-tried before—
Whither—ah ! whither then, by tempests driven,
Look I for speedy aid ?—I'll look to Heaven.

Oh ! happy thou ! whose lot so sweetly cast,
Yields bliss oblivious of thy sorrows past—
When shall it be, that to my longing eyes
One day of cloudless sunshine shall arise—
When shall these eyes from tears of grief be free,
Oh ! when shall tranquil nights be given to me !



FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE
RUDOLPHI.

Has thy friend, in a moment of passion, or play,
Disturb'd the sweet spring of thy peace?
Be slow in thy anger—pause—pause thee, I say,
Ere thy heart from solicitude cease.

Extends he the hand, a new compact to seal?
Seize it gladly—for know, shouldst thou spurn,
Thy bosom, a pain dire and lasting shall feel,
When thy folly prevents his return.

Has thou injured thy friend? Has thy gaiety wild,
Sensibility's chord thrill'd with sorrow?
Haste—Oh! haste to his arms—be *to-day* reconciled—
Lest the joy be denied thee *to-morrow*!

Rude dissonance quell'd, how harmonic the strain—
Divine in its music and measure !
Then—the breast finds it wonted expansion again,
And all nature seems smiling with pleasure.

Oh ! who can describe the sensation of soul,
When the injured and injurer kiss !
'Tis the heart's holy stillness which needs no controul—
'Tis a sweetness amounting to bliss !

But when Fickleness dwells where Fidelity seem'd,
Repentance can never unite—
What she weaves in the morning, is little esteem'd ;
For 'tis sure to be severed ere night.

And when passions unbridled, have rashly destroy'd
The delicate texture of love,
Friendship flies rapid-wing'd—and; if ever enjoy'd—
Reconcilement must bless us—*above* !

MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ABRAHAM GOTTHELF KASTNER.

“ O’ER all of you, shall man preside,”

To animals, Prometheus cried—

“ Work of my hands is he”—

“ What !” they exclaim’d—*we* honour *man* !

“ No—that we neither will nor can ;

“ Our lord must greater be.”

“ —Is this the being beasts should fear ?

“ Nor strength nor weapons see I here”—

An angry Lion roar’d.

“ I’ll shew the rev’rence due his laws,

“ When mangled by my mighty paws

“ He welters on my board.”—

“ Me ! ”—scream’d the Eagle—“ Me ! who sit
“ With craggy rock beneath my feet,
“ Where the fork’d lightning flies—
“ Fate subject *me* to *Man’s* dominion !—
“ No—never—whilst this tow’ring pinion
“ Beyond his sight can rise ! ”

“ Go ”—said the Whale—“ this upstart tell,
“ ’Tis in the foamy wave I dwell ;
“ His formidable foe !
“ A million dwarfs like him, I’d sweep
“ In scattered fragments through the deep
“ To glut the tribes below ! ”

“ Know ”—cried the god—“ of whom you speak ;
“ Wingless—and weaponless—and weak—
“ A monarch still is Man—
“ Talons—strength—flight, if fate denies—
“ One power is his—and one supplies
“ More than those others can.

" What shall avail the Lion's pride,
 " When, pierced by glittering steel, his side
 " Bleeds his warm life away ?
 " Or what the Eagle's vaunted wings,
 " When, after him, death's arrow springs .
 " More rapid far than they ?

" And thou—as impotent as bold—
 " Thou animated island ! hold—
 " Nor boast thy greatness here—
 " Before the meanest of Man's race,
 " Thy gore shall tinge the ocean's face—
 " Thy pride shall disappear—

" That power, by which to him is given
 " Authority in sea—earth—heaven—
 " None other e'er can claim :
 " You, to your terror, soon shall know it—
 " Effects alone can fully shew it—
 " But REASON is its name."

THE YOUTH AND FORTUNE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WRAPT in some soft elysian dream
Upon the margin of a stream—
With limbs relax'd—and head reclin'd—
And tresses waving in the wind—
The springing herbage round him creeping—
Fortune perceived a stripling sleeping.

“ Insensate being !?—loud she cried—

“ Had I not waked thee—thou hadst died ;

“ Nay—tremble still—suppress thy breath—

“ One movement may be instant death !”—

“ To me, the folly of thy race

“ Attaches odium and disgrace—

“ Whoe'er is guilty, *I* am blamed—

“ Adverse or fickle, always named—

“ I mar a scheme—affairs look worse—

“ My interference seems a curse—

“ —Prove the reverse—and end the strife—

“ *I spoiled thy dream—but saved thy life !*”

VERSES OCCASIONED BY READING THE ILIAD,

BOOK V. PARTICULARLY LINE 343.

“ Η δὲ μέγα ἰαχούσα ἀπο το παρσαλιν υἱόν.”

OH ! what a busy wanderer is thought !

Hard to controul—impossible to bind—

Which, when not into full subjection brought,

Distracts or dissipates the human mind,

Making it prove the sport of every wind—

Now fraught with feeling—now with trifles charm'd—

Chill'd with remembrance of the look unkind—

And with the kindly look as idly warm'd—

Raptur'd by Fancy's dreams—by Fancy's dreams alarm'd.

Christian !—wouldst thou be steady in thy course ?

Repress Imagination's airy flight—

Or if it soar, direct its utmost force

To penetrate the glorious realms of light—

To view the rapturous gaze of seraph bright—

Or catch the echoes of a cherub's strain :

But oh ! beware a sublunary height—

'Twill please in prospect—in conclusion pain—

And from pursuits like this, no profit canst thou gain .

But there are thoughts connected with our state

Studies and converse, which will oft intrude

In quick succession—and as quick retreat—

Not evil in their nature, nor yet good,

But idle—and by many understood

Arising from the weakness of the brain—

Yet even these should early be subdued,

Else we may find connected with their train,

Pernicious roving—wild—and only yielding pain.

As once I sought the wonted place of prayer—
 My mind, late occupied with Homer's song,
 Retain'd the images depicted there,
 Of hostile multitudes and chieftains strong,
 Indignant for a faithless Helen's wrong—
 And warring fierce round Ilium's lofty towers:
 Fancy pourtray'd the scenes—thought rush'd along
 Rapid as light'ning when the tempest lowers—
 Yet silent—pleasing—soft—as evening's dewy showers.

I stood—unconscious of the lapse of time—
 Stood—where with rev'rence I had bowed the knee—
 Of former ages, and a distant clime,
 The martial deeds alone attracted me!—
 I seem'd the noise to hear—the fight to see—
 And mark Tydides through the army run
 Pursuing Venus—timid goddess she!
 Who tried all means, the hero's spear to shun—
 But slightly wounded, fled—and left her darling son.

Just then—with bright effulgence on my soul
Burst the remembrance of the SON OF GOD—
Oh! what a sweet reverse! what new controul
Arrested—fetter'd—raptur'd—overaw'd!—
Thought, late a wanderer o'er the world abroad,
Now dwelt delighted on a Saviour's worth—
Compared the recent scenes which fancy trod,
With those connected with that Saviour's birth—
And height'ned heavenly views, by shades obtain'd from earth.

I thought of Him—who—when the wrath, divine
Paus'd for a moment o'er its destin'd prey:
Pitied the victim—and with high design,
Sprung from his throne—and habited in clay
With love unequall'd mark'd Redemption's way,
His person interposed, the wretch to save—
Pour'd on the rebel's eyes the light of day—
Convinc'd—instructed—taught him how to brave
Sin, earth, and hell combined—death's arrows, and the grave!

Sink—sink—ye deities of Heathen fame,
 Perish your mem'ries, and your records die!—
 But no—exist—to raise a Saviour's name,
 A Saviour's merit, by your contrast, high—
 He grasp'd apostate Man, destruction nigh—
 Nor loos'd that grasp, beset by num'rous foes—
 " 'Tis finish'd !" was th' expiring Victor's cry—
 Rocks rent—earth quaked—saints long interr'd arose—
 And Man's emancipation crown'd His glorious close.



ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN D— —

Of the Royal Artillery,

WHO WAS KILLED AT ST. SEBASTIAN.

HARP of Erin !—cease to dwell
On Vittoria's brilliant story—
How the victors fought or fell,
Led by Wellington to glory !

Let the dirge of sorrow flow—
Sound the deep-ton'd chords of sadness—
To the mind oppress'd by wo,
Mirth is vain—and laughter madness.

Tell of martial deeds no more—
Deeds achieved by minor numbers—
D—— ———'s campaign is o'er—
Low in dust the hero slumbers

Subject to a tyrant's sway,
Long Iberia felt the yoke—
Strove to cast her chains away—
Struggled with oppression's stroke.

Freedom, in our sea-girt isles,
Warm'd each gallant breast to aid her—
Britons braved the pains—the toils—
Sprung to meet the proud Invader.

Did Hibernia then disdain
Love of liberty to cherish?
No—her warriors cross'd the main,
Sworn to conquer or to perish.

Quick they join'd the patriot band,
Gallia's slaves as quick retreating—
Shouts of victory fill'd the land—
“ Blessings ”—was the soldier's greeting.

Harp of Erin !—cease to dwell
On Iberia's brilliant story—
Rather let thy soft notes tell,
Death's the end of human glory !

Where is now the Youth we mourn—
He who cross'd the foaming billow ?
Fated never to return—
Worms his brethren—dust his pillow—

He enjoys the sweets of peace,
Undisturb'd by war's alarm :
Pallid is the hero's face—
Nerveless is the hero's arm—

Yet, though Nature calls for tears,
Let us not indulge in sorrow—
Let us look to other spheres;
Hope from mild Religion borrow.

Shall we weep his early doom,
Taken to his native skies?
Worth survives the dreary tomb—
'Tis the mortal part that dies.

In a happier scene than this,
D—— ——— exists once more;
Free from care—in endless bliss—
Shall we then his flight deplore?

No—'tis but a nobler birth—
A higher state of being given—
Changed, a fading wreath on earth,
For a lasting crown in Heaven.

VERSES, WRITTEN ON REMOVING INTO THE
COUNTRY.

SWEET are the vernal gales of Spring,
When wintry winds have fled the plain—
When flowers their choicest odours bring,
And all the charms of Flora's train !
And sweet the Summer's rich perfume,
When evening calls us forth to rove—
But sweeter far December's gloom,
Enliven'd by *the friends I love.*

The Blackbird strains his little throat—
The Linnet chants a sprightly lay—
The Thrush aspires with bolder note,
And songsters perch on every spray :

But, ah ! the feather'd tribes, in vain
 With sweetest music fill the grove—
 Can this assuage the bosom's pain,
 When parted from *the friends I love ?*

Oft, by Imagination's power,
 I paint the joys which once I knew—
 Recal each soft, each happy hour,
 And bring each much loved friend to view—
 But soon the present scene appears,
 Destroys the web that Fancy wove—
 Restores me all my cares and fears,
 When distant from *the friends I love.*

Yet still, whatever be my fate,
 Be poverty or affluence given—
 Let joy or sorrow me await—
 This prayer I'll oft address to Heaven :
 " Protector of the good and just—
 " Father of all—who reign'st above—
 " In whom I place my constant trust !
 —" Oh ! guard from ill *the friends I love.*"

LIFE'S A WARFARE.

PART I.

LIFE a warfare!—dost thou jest?

I no warring parties see.

Is there combat?—then the breast

Must the scene of action be:

And 'tis strange in such a case,

But I'll read it in the face——

Where's the warrior? what the foe?

I have search'd the city o'er,

Ranged the country—yet I know

Just as little as before!

Not a countenance declares

Civil broils or foreign wars.

Yet, 'tis true, I sometimes thought—

How appearances deceive!

I had found the proofs I sought,

And was ready to believe—

'Till some new discovery cast

Clearer light on what was past.

Some I saw were drown'd in tears,

Whilst they heav'd a rending sigh—

Wildly talk'd of torturing fears,

Rail'd at life, and long'd to die:

Are not these, where'er they meet,

Indications of *defeat*?

Others were a joyful smile,

Laugh'd and jested, danced and sung—

Triumph resting all the while

On the mein, or on the tongue—

Might not these appear to me

Tokens of a *victory*?

But I quickly learn'd the cause
Of these various feelings shown—
And some silly trifle 'twas,
Such as men might blush to own—
Worldly loss, or worldly gain,
Gave immortals joy or pain !

Hence I argued—could there be
Such indifference to the fight;
Were the persons whom I see,
Conscious of a foe in sight?
Would they weep a *feather flown*—
Dance in armour up and down !

Rather, would they not prepare
For the battle's horrid din—
Learn the needful arts of war—
Keep the eye still looking in—
Count these other matters small,
If they heeded them at all?

In conclusion—I confess

Proofs are wanting where I've tried;

Ne'er did observation less

Help me justly to decide—

All I see, and all I know

Only says—"It is not so."



PART II.

Youth! attend—whilst I explain

What hath caused thee such surprize;

'Thou hast sought for proofs in vain,

With those proofs before thy eyes!

Hearken—'tis Experience speaks—

Cease thy tongue, and blush thy cheeks.

All are warriors—not a man

Found of Adam's numerous race,
But—in either rear or van

Of some army, holds a place!
Aye—and what will strike thee most,
There's no loiterer at his post!

Must I tell whom they oppose?

Must I say that they contend
With—not dire inveterate foes—
But—their greatest, constant friend!
With—not fellows from the clod—
But—their Maker—Saviour—God!

When offensive war they wage,

Disobedience is its name—
Here—with ardour some engage,
As if envious of fame;
Casting all restraints away—
Fighting in the face of day.

Others half conceal'd remain,
Chiefly fighting in disguise—
And are able to maintain
Hostile acts against the skies—
Yet, are always understood
Inoffensive—quiet—good.—

Sure such conduct will provoke
Him, whom thus his creatures dare !—
Sends He then, the vengeful stroke
In the lightning's horrid glare?
Pours He tempests on the head,
Striking thus the rebel dead?

No—'tis not revenge He seeks—
Mercy o'er His works presides—
Mercy pleads when Justice speaks—
Mercy woos, but man derides !—
Mercy then selects a dart,
Sends *conviction* to the heart.

Here defensive war begins—

Light illumes the dark'ned mind—
Roused up conscience, talks of sins—
Points to blessings close behind—
Mingled scenes from mem'ry draws,
Wasted talents—broken laws.

Man repels the light divine,

Springs affrighted from controul—
Bids the conscience to decline
All remembrance of the soul—
Flies to opiates for relief—
Triumphs if he conquers grief.

Hence the multitude appeared

To thine eye, by trifles tost—
Opiates found—elated, chear'd;
Vex'd, dishearten'd—opiates lost!—
Oh! it pains me to declare
These the warriors—this the war.

PART III.

But are all of human kind,
Marshall'd on rebellion's field?
Doth conviction never find
One, whom it can bring to yield?
Doth long-suffering mercy weep
Every conscience fallen asleep?

Oh! there are a noble few
Ranged upon the side of heaven!
They were guilty rebels too,
But are graciously forgiven;
Through their faith in Jesus' blood,
They have peace obtain'd with God.

How they mourn their former years—
Wasted talents—slighted grace!
How their eyes dissolve in tears,
And their hearts in thankfulness!
How they wonder at their state,
And the pleasing change relate!

Are they idle? No—they run
Duty's circle with delight—
And have often foes to shun,
And as often foes to fight—
Dang'rous enemies appear,
But—what need a *Christian* fear?

Sin assails with all its charms;
Sings the syren song of ease—
Courts the Christian to its arms
With whate'er might tend to please—
Forth he rushes from the sight,
Gaining victory by his flight.

Next the world affects to frown,
Much displeased and threat'ning hard—
Or it promises to crown
His revolt with great reward—
But the Christian strikes it low,
Springs indignant on the foe.

Satan comes with wily skill,
 Raises doubts of what may be—
Reasons from some former ill,
 “ God has never pardon'd thee”—
But the Christian scorns replies—
Quick resists—and Satan flies.—

Oh ! it is a glorious scene,
 When the battle rages high !
And the sword of temper keen
 Makes the host of aliens fly—
Angels marking with applause
Veterans in the sacred cause !

With what rapture, they survey
 Man's advance and hell's retreat—
View the victor's haste to lay
 Trophies at his Captain's feet—
Hear him, self-abased exclaim,
 “ Glory be to Jesu's name !”

Haste—delightful period—haste—

When the warrior shall have done !

When his numerous conflicts past,

And his every battle won,

He from all his works shall cease—

And enjoy eternal peace !



TO A FRIEND.

OH ! 'twas not needful to impart
That kind remembrancer of thine—
Friendship, like this which warms my heart,
Lives after death—nor knows decline.
But e'en could memory faithless prove,
Or heedless of its office be—
Where shall my truant fancy rove,
And not be seiz'd and led to *thee* ?

Long as the gentle moonbeams steal,
Conveying loveliness to night—
Long as in gazing, I can feel
This pensive pleasure in the sight—

So long shall thy dear image dwell
My bosom's guest where'er I be—
For when shall memory cease to tell
That Cynthia's beams were loved by *thee*?

Long as the magic spell of sound
Divinely sweet, from music springs—
Long as it wraps my soul around,
And to my melting spirit clings—
So long—Jemima, shall my ear
A mean of sweet remembrance be—
For every thrilling note I hear
Shall whisper, it was lov'd by *thee*!

Long as Religion can improve,
Exalt, and bless the human soul—
Long as I feel a Saviour's love,
And joyful yield to its controul—
So long this trembling heart within,
Partaker of thy pains shall be—
And sigh to leave a world of sin,
And share a heaven of bliss with *thee*.

TO AN OLD MAN.

ONCE, thou wast a baby, smiling
On a tender Mother's knee—
Hope exciting—care beguiling—
Both alike unknown to thee !

Gazing on each pretty feature—
Pressing oft thy dimpled cheek—
Tears, the eloquence of nature,
Would the parent's fondness speak.—

Once, thou wast a Father's promise
Of anticipated joy —
“ Let the world be taken from us,
“ We are rich in thee, my boy !”

Whether sportive, following after—
Pensive, seated by his side—
Sage in books—or wild in laughter—
Still thou wast that Father's pride.

Once, united in affection,
Thou a faithful Friend possess'd—
Yes—undying recollection
Keeps his image in thy breast;

His with thine, a kindred spirit—
His to thee a glowing heart—
Firm in friendship—high in merit—
What but death, such souls could part?

Poor old man!—how times are alter'd!—
Low in dust thy Mother lies:
Blessing thee, her accents falter'd—
Dark in gazing grew her eyes—

Yet—when life was fast receding,
And expression was denied—
As a proof of mental pleading,
Close she pressed thy hand—and—died.

In the same cold, narrow dwelling,
Moulders now thy Father's clay—
And the waves of ocean swelling,
Bore long since thy Friend away—

Old—alone—decay'd—and trembling—
Canst thou still existence bear?
All thou art—the wreck resembling
Which announces—*death was there!*

Hold—what mean those marks of feeling—
Whence the sparkling of thine eye—
Why, across thy visage stealing
Beams the radiant smile of joy?

Say, old man ! what source of gladness
Fills thy furrow'd cheek with tears ?
Why, with nought but cause for sadness,
Nought but rapture's mien appears ?

Oh ! I read the pleasing story
In that look which mounts above !
There thou hast a "weight of glory"—
Here thou hast a weight of love—

Christ—to thee is Father—Mother—
Friend and fortune—health and fame—
This thy lot—I ask no other—
Saviour ! let me have the same.—

PRAYER.

AIR—"SWEET HOME."

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care—
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer ;
It seizes—soothes—softens—subdues—yet sustains—
Gives vigour to hope—and puts passion in chains—
Prayer—sweet prayer !
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When forced from the friend we hold dearest, to part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart ;
Past converse—past scenes—past enjoyments are there,
Oh ! how hurtfully pleasing, till hallow'd by prayer—
Prayer—sweet prayer !
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When Pleasure would woo us from Piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly—or silently charms—
We listen—love—loiter—are caught in the snare—
Or “looking to Jesus,” we conquer by prayer !

Prayer—sweet prayer !

Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

Whilst strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss—
Heaven pours its first streams through no medium but this;
And till we the seraphim's extacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer !

Prayer—sweet prayer !

Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.



DUTY'S CALL.

AIR—"BRUCE'S ADDRESS."

Rise—immortal spirit! rise—
Spring from earth—and grasp the skies—
Honour fades—and pleasure dies—
 And riches flee away—
See the blight of beauty's bloom—
Glowing tints obscured by gloom—
All things rushing to the tomb,
 Or sinking to decay!—

Native of a nobler sphere!—
What so charming chains thee here—
Points thy hope—and prompts thy fear—
 And binds thee to the clod?

Art thou not of birth divine—
Form'd to spring—to soar—to shine?
Yes—Eternity is thine—
And thou art heir of God!

Hark! a voice—'tis Duty's call—
“To arms—to arms—and conquer all—
“Face thy foes—they fly—they fall—
“Christian! the battle's won”—
Hark! 'tis Duty calls again—
“Patient bear each passing pain—
“Thy task attempt—thy cross sustain—
“Christian! the work is done.”

SOLITUDE.

Oh ! Solitude, in thee I find
A respite to the troubled mind,
By various ills oppress'd.
Though life's gay scenes may sometimes charm,
'Tis thine to animate—to warm
In virtue's cause the breast.

How useful to retire from noise,
And all the transitory joys
Which earthly pleasures give,
To learn in thee the pleasing art
To curb the passions—form the heart,
And how in peace to live.

From dissipation's giddy round,
Where peace of mind is never found,
 My conscious spirit flies—
I seek the calm sequestered shade,
When evening darkens all the mead;
 And earth in shadows lies.

There contemplation holds her reign,
And truth, which flies from falsehood's train,
 Finds a secure retreat;
Pleasure's allurements vanish there—
And all that vice calls bright or fair,
 Appears a painted cheat.

Devotion—in a time like this,
Inspires us with the hope of bliss,
 And points the heavenly road—
The soul, by mild religion taught—
Exulting, catches at the thought—
 And meditates on God.

Borne on the wings of faith and prayer,

She rises from a world of care—

Those regions to explore,

Where, lost in Love's effulgent blaze,

Seraphs resign the ardent gaze—

Veil—prostrate—and adore.

Society! I love thy name—

The social circle—friendship's flame—

The dear domestic joys—

But, oh! superior good unfolds!

When the soul mounts aloft—and holds

Communion with the skies.—



THE IRISH PEASANT.

My country!—much I love thee—to my heart
Dear are thy sea-girt rocks and emerald meads,
Thy humble hedge rows, and thy shady woods—
Whether I gaze upon thee, when the east
Its orient richness o'er the landscape pours;
Or when from western sky, the setting sun
With glowing radiance fires the mountain's side—
Still thou art dear!—and fresh attractions spring,
My heart fast binding to my native soil.
But not thy verdant turf—nor rocky shores—
Nor tints inimitable of the sun
In rising grandeur or retiring blaze,
Endear thee most to me—Oh! there are souls
Of noblest energies—and—minds replete
With heavenly wisdom in thy children found—

And these are dearer far than all the stores
Of lavish nature at one view display'd—
—My country!—though amidst thy hardy race
Of sons, some with impetuous haste have sprung
To sanguinary conflict—and in broils
Of civil discord, dyed thy vales with blood—
Yet hast thou others—nor of these a few—
Who love their God—their fellows—and their King—
Nor grovelling these—nor weak in mental powers,
Howe'er a lowly lot might seem to tell—
Their towering spirits climb ethereal heights;
And whilst the softest sympathies of life,
Like ivy, twine their tendrils round their breasts,
Their cloud-aspiring branches rise—extend—
Point to the heavens—and form a shade beneath.

Far in the northern part of Erin's isle
Lives a sequestered peasant—little known—
Save to the neighbouring swains with whom he dwells.
His is the bread of industry—and his
The simple beverage of the limpid stream—
Toil nerves his sinewy form, and through the day
Calls to exertion his corporeal powers—
Toil sweetens evening, when he seeks his home,

And seals the slumbers of his humble couch—
Lowly his station, and obscure his birth,
And mean his parentage—yet great his soul.
Ambition fires his eye—glows in his cheek—
Directs his conduct—and inspires his words!
Ambition—such as never suppliant bows
At Honour's shrine—nor fears a rival's flame—
Ambition—spurning all created good,
And looking down on Fortune's eminence,
Gives him a higher aim—and bids him stretch
With eagle pinion to celestial climes!—

Twice twenty winters o'er his head have pass'd—
Yet on this peasant's ear since early youth,
No sounds have stolen—a solemn stillness reigns
Unbroken by the storm which rends his cot,
And leaves it pervious to the chilling blast.
He hears no matin song from leafy spray—
No vesper notes wild warbled from the thorn—
No friendly accents striking on the heart,
Sorrow absorbing, and encreasing joy—
Yet strange! he loves t' attend the house of prayer,
And with religious strictness, well observes
The hours of worship—when, with eager haste

And hopeful countenance, as though assured
Of coming good, he mixes in the throng.—
Nor is he disappointed—he can learn
No lesson from the preacher—from the hymn
No feeling borrow—from th' impassion'd prayer
No aid extract, to help his lab'ring speech—
But he can speak to God—and in his breast
Perceive responses of a "still small voice,"
Whispering his interest in a Saviour's blood.
—Oh! happy peasant!—thou may'st pass thro' life—
Unheeded by the Great—but on thy soul
Beams the irradiation of the skies!
Small is thy portion of external sweets,
But rich thy flowing cup of inward bliss.
Oh! happy peasant!—on whose conscious ear
Recipient of sound, no sounds shall steal,
'Till the bright vision of eternal day
Shall introduce thee, to the rapturous strains
Of cherub minstrels and angelic choirs—
Thyself, a blood-wash'd harper—and thy song
Swelling the universal bursts of praise!

LITTLE ANNA.

WHILST others invoke the sweet aid of the Nine
To give fire to their verses, or life to their lays ;
Cull the flowers of Parnassus to deck ev'ry line
And share with Apollo the chaplet of bays—

No nymph I implore from Castalia's rich spring—
No goddess—to shed her loved influence on me,
Simplicity only, attend whilst I sing—
For my song—little Anna ! is artless like thee.

Shall I praise thy blue eyes that attract the beholders—
Thy health-blooming cheeks which may vie with the rose—
Or the fair flaxen ringlets which flow down thy shoulders—
Or the dimples that peace and good humour disclose ?

No—disease may destroy all these priz'd gifts of nature,
May banish the softness that beams in thy eye—
Affliction may alter the glow of each feature,
And change mirth and smiles, to a tear and a sigh !

But I'll sing of thy goodness—thy fond filial duty—
So ready Mama's slightest wish to obey—
And merit excels the frail traces of beauty—
The former shall bloom, when the latter decay.

Contented and happy, no evils alarm thee,
Forebodings of danger ne'er trouble thy rest—
Thy play-things and doll have the power to charm thee,
And care, rugged care, never enters thy breast.

Man smiles with contempt at thy infantine pleasures,
And looks with disdain on thy sources of joy ;
But more puerile he in pursuit of earth's treasures,
For grandeur or fame is at best—but a toy !

And alas ! little Anna—when years are roll'd over,
When earth and its prospects familiar are grown ;
Thou wilt oft sigh thyself, but in vain, to recover
Those tranquil delights which in youth thou hast known.

Tho' life to our view, scenes of bliss may display,
Too often we find they are clouded by sorrow—
And if happiness smiles on our prospects to-day,
Misfortune is sure to attend us to-morrow.

But let us—dear Anna—with gratitude take
The blessings kind Providence deigns to bestow ;
And when adverse our fortune—Religion will make
The sunshine of hope in the winter of wo.



EVENING REFLECTIONS.

**I LOVE the early breath of morn,
When the lark chants his matin lay;
And Sol emerging from the east,
Through trackless ether takes his way.**

**Then wandering on the river's bank,
I watch the dimpled current glide—
Or glean instruction from the flowers
Which blossom on the mountain's side.**

**There blooms the Primrose in the shade,
Fit emblem of the Christian's fate—
Both, unaspiring—mild—and fair—
Both slighted for their humble state.**

And there the Villet's lovely hue,
With tempting mien, but fragile form—
Reminds me of the joys of earth,
Which wither with each passing storm.

But in the Daisy's lasting grace
Virtue's immortal growth appears—
It flourishes unhurt amidst
The changing seasons, rolling years.

I love the sober hour of eve
When twilight shades o'erspread the plain,—
Before the moon's pale orb appears,
Or silence holds her awful reign.

Few sounds assail the listening ear,
Save where the flute's melodious lay
Along the distant meads is heard,
In melting cadence die away—

Or, where the watchful house-dog barks,
Portentous of a stranger nigh;
Whilst echoes from the neighbouring rocks
Responsive to each noise, reply.

The landscape fading from the view,
Which once in beauty's robe was drest,
Join'd to the stillness of the night—
With pleasing sadness fills the breast.

And quick with memory I retrace
Those scenes which charm'd me oft before:
Or borne on fancy's pinions, rise
Worlds undiscover'd to explore.

Oh! God of goodness—from whose hand,
Blessings unnumber'd I receive!
Whose mercies new, are ever found
At early dawn, and closing eve!

Accept the offering of an heart

Inspired by gratitude and love—

Which owns thy power, and hopes ere long

To praise thee in the realms above.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

THE evening was cold, for though Winter had fled,
And to life-giving Spring his wide empire resign'd:
Yet bleak desolation the tyrant had spread,
And his blasts wildly sweeping, still linger'd behind.

When cheerless and sad, to our dwelling there stray'd
A child of misfortune—a stranger to joy—
Tho' few were his years, yet affliction had made
Pain'd and heavy the heart of the poor beggar boy.

Not tatter'd his garments, nor mean his attire,
In his looks youth and innocence sweetly were blended;
No artful form'd tale, kindly thoughts to inspire,
On the simple account of the wanderer attended.

“ His Father had died but a short time before—

“ His mother and he strangely hungry were grown—

“ But other than this he remember’d no more ;

“ His Mother’s name Betty, and Joseph his own.”—

His infantine features with shame were imprest,

He burst into tears, tho’ he could not tell why—

And he sought, whilst he told us his humble request,

With his shirt’s snowy whiteness his wet cheeks to dry.

His wishes made known, need I say they were granted !—

For who could unmoved have remain’d at the sight,

Ah ! trifling indeed, was the boon that he wanted—

An armful of straw to repose on at night !

Yes—go—little Joseph—enjoy thy calm slumbers—

From thy straw couch of poverty banish alarm ;

Nor doubt but that Merciful Being who numbers

The hairs of thy head, will protect thee from harm !—

Though want seems thy portion—yet fear not poor stranger!

His hand will supply thee—support thee when weak—

The rich and the poor, He alike shields from danger—

Distinctions of *goodness* are all He will make.

Then far from thy breast these emotions remove—

Let no apprehensions thy bosom annoy—

Confide in thy God—He'll assuredly prove

A Guardian and Friend to thee, poor beggar boy!



RELIGION.

WHEN by various ills oppress'd,
Mortals sink, a prey to sorrow—
When forebodings pain the breast,
Presage awful of to-morrow.

What can calm the rising sigh—
Wipe away the tears of sadness—
Bid the mists of trouble fly—
And the soul be fill'd with gladness?

When from friends we're doom'd to part—
Snatch'd by death, or placed at distance;
What can heal the wounded heart,
Lend the sinking strength assistance?

'Tis Religion—soothing—kind—
Richest gift that God has given—
Can relieve the troubled mind ;
Make on earth a little heaven ?

It can dry the widow's tear,
And the orphan's grief remove—
Sinners fill with “godly fear,”
And the saints with “perfect love.”

Mortal!—whosoe'er thou art—
Is thy cup with gall o'erflowing ?
Faint and heavy is thy heart,
Worldly views no hope bestowing ?

In Religion place thy trust—
From each mundane prospect sever—
And though humbly form'd of dust,
Mortal! thou shalt live for ever.

Live—where these afflictions o'er,

Evil past shall seem a blessing—

Live—where time shall be no more,

Endless peace and joy possessing!—



THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

BENCHES arranged, and lights in order placed,
Wide flew the door t' admit the straining crowd,
Which pent in narrow hall, or else exposed
To chilling air of evening, had remain'd
Restless—expecting the appointed hour.—
Wide flew the door, and in the people rush'd—
A motley group!—where youth and hoary age,
Female and male, the affluent and the poor,
Blended promiscuous, form'd the moving mass—
All seats were occupied—all corners fill'd—
And beggary in rags, which had a chair,
Took precedence of wealth which had it not:
The former struggled, 'till the point was gain'd—
The latter stood inert—so lost the prize.

—Beware ye rich—lest those in humbler garb
Whom now ye view contemptuous—should be found
Exalted higher in their Maker's sight,
And running quicker to the heavenly goal!
—Beware—lest in that day, compared with which
The present is as nothing—when the Judge
Of quick and dead your sentence shall pronounce,
Ye be accounted “slothful servants” still!

But why this bustle—why this eager gaze—
What seek the multitude within these walls?
Does some young Roscius tread theatric boards—
Or Siddons—tired of cities—undertake
To melt a country audience into tears?
No—here the tale of fiction cedes to truth—
The page of Shakspeare to the word of God—
And D——'s mission boasts a nobler aim,
Than all the brilliant parts that Garrick play'd.
Peace to the actor's ashes!—may the fame
So dearly purchased, live unhurt by time:
Yet to the soul, released from earthly dross,
The recollection of one virtuous deed,
One pious aspiration—will convey
More pleasure than the thunders of applause,

When Hamlet reason'd—or when Macbeth raved !

The song of praise from num'rous voices rose
With easy climax—then descending pour'd
Its solemn cadence on th' enraptured ear.
Oh ! 'tis at such a time, when bosoms glow
With gratitude—and every tuneful tongue
The general burst of adoration forms ;
Hell to its centre shakes—and devils fly—
Whilst heaven's wide concave echoes back the sound !

The human frame is complex—and each part
Requires a treatment different from the rest.
Various disorders, various cures admit.
The ague's remedy is never found
As efficacious where the fever burns—
And weakest of the Esculapian tribe
Is he—who looks at maladies, and thinks
One favorite nostrum can remove them all.
—But though the body, as the mere machine
Subservient to an end not yet attained—
As children use the go-cart ere they walk—
May be obstructed by a thousand ills,
Each ill demanding its respective cure ;
Yet is the nobler, the immortal part

Subject to no such laws, as those which rule
This clay-built shed, fast hast'ning to decay.
When care distracts or sorrow wounds the soul,
One balm alone can heal—the *peace of God*—
One means alone procure it—*faithful prayer*.—
This is the regimen that leads to life,
Life spiritual, eternal in the soul.
Try earth's specifics—they are sure to fail—
Or if they yield relief, 'tis fatal ease—
'Tis transient—and the foul distemper gains .
Fresh vigour from the momentary pause.—
When Paul and Silas bound in durance lay,
They pray'd—they sang—their fellow-pris'ners heard—
Sudden, an earthquake shook the prison walls,
The doors were open'd, and their bands were loosed—
He who prays often—with an heart sincere—
Humbly believing—shall not pray in vain :
His chains shall fall—his enemies retire—
And light effulgent chase the mental gloom.—
The preacher rose, and from the sacred page
Where truths divine in every sentence glow,
The full length portrait of a Christian drew.—
Profiles, he knew are oftimes used to hide

Some blemish, unobserved when cast in shade—
And pleasing features, where no more is seen,
May be connected with defects elsewhere.
Yet whilst he cautious kept from Seylla's gulf
He shun'd Charybdis as more dang'rous still,
Nor made his Christian *larger* than the life.
—He left him imperfections—griefs—mistakes—
Involuntary errors—but no sin.—
No cheek-distending laughter mark'd the face—
'Twas grave—not gloomy, solemn—not austere—
His whole deportment such as well became
Enoch's successor—his, who walked with God.
The world appear'd, with what the world calls fair,
Aided by Satan, to divert his aim—
But earth, and hell, and all their powers combin'd
Shook not his steady purpose—whilst he nail'd
His darling idols—and besetting sins—
Thoughts—words—and actions evil, to the cross,
Exclaiming, "I can more than conquer these—
"Through Him who loved—bled—suffer'd—died for me."
Such were the outlines of this finished piece
We gaz'd—we listen'd—we admir'd the whole;
And long'd to have the likeness, not transferr'd

To deck our chambers—but adorn our hearts—

Oh ! for more gospel ministers—whose lives

As well as precepts, might direct the path

Of purity and peace to those they teach.

And tell their hearers “walk with *me* therein !”

Oh ! for more heralds, to declare the news

Of offered pardon to a guilty world—

Who not above their Master—would proclaim

The joyful tidings in the meanest hut,

And tell the peasant—“Jesus died for thee !”

—’Tis hard to be consistent—nature flies

From dull rotation in a beaten track—

Ovid began his Fables with a prayer,

And ended with the strange, presumptuous thought,

That Jove himself, that work could not destroy,

Which Jove so lately was implored to bless !

Alas ! how many Ovids in our day—

Entreating mercy in their morning prayers,

Provoking justice by their after deeds !

One hour expounding Scripture to their flocks—

Perhaps the next—rejecting what they taught !

’Tis sov’reign grace alone, can change the heart—

Bind the affections to one settled point—

And make a duty—prove a pleasure too.
He who enjoys the love of God within,
Can best describe it—he who walks the path
Of deep humility, will best succeed
When pride requires the reprehensive look.
Whilst pastors *point the way*—themselves remote—
We fear to trust the unfrequented ground;
But let a D—— *beckon* to the skies—
Himself the living comment on his text—
Gladly we follow—nor despair to gain
Eternal happiness beyond the vale.



A MORNING HYMN.

RISE—my soul ! shake off thy slumbers—

Cease inactive to remain—

Whilst the lark, in artless numbers

Sweetly chants his matin strain,

Canst thou hear him

And not spring to life again ?

Rise—my soul !—and as the morning

Dissipates the gloom of night,

Mountains—woods—and vales adorning,

Beaming with effulgence bright,—

So may Jesus

Clothe thee with His heavenly light !

Rise—and in the works of nature
God's creative bounty see—
He gave life to every creature,
Growth to every herb and tree—
And what's greater,
Gave His Son to die for thee.

For this last, best gift revere Him,
From thy idols far remove,—
As a God of justice, fear Him,
As a God of mercy, love—
Shout His praises,
Earth below and Heaven above !

Banish'd be the voice of sadness,
Thoughts like these for triumph call—
Seraphs—raise the song of gladness,
Mortals—at His footstool fall—
Men and angels
Hail the Sovereign Lord of all !

AN EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT God ! whose guardian care
In every scene of life appears—
Thy praise I offer with my prayer,
And own thy goodness with my tears.

For past ingratitude must stain
Each hour review'd by memory's eye—
Thus twilight shades o'erspread the plain,
When day's mild radiance leaves the sky.

But ill my words and works accord,
Whilst jarring passions swell within—
I love, but cannot serve my Lord—
I hate, but cannot quit my sin—

Oh ! for the pinions of a dove
To flee away and be at rest !
Oh ! for one beam of Jesu's love
To chase this darkness from my breast !

Hear Saviour ! hear the suppliant pray,
And let an answer now be given—
Make me to rise from Satan's sway,
And taste on earth the joys of Heaven.



THE PILOT.

LIGHT Zephyrs fill th' expanded sail,
The port appears in view—
The ship has weather'd many a gale,
And stood some broadsides too.

But stormy winds and raging foes
Oppose her course no more ;
A prosp'rous gale propitious blows
To waft her to the shore.

The helm obeys the Pilot's hand,
A skilful Pilot he—
With shouts the sailors eye the land,
Impatient to be free.

But lo ! a strange reverse is found—

What can the Pilot mean ?

He tacks the vessel almost round,

And makes to sea again !

Mark what a zig-zag course he steers,

Mysterious in its cause—

And now the harbour's mouth he nears,

And now he quick withdraws !

“ Tell us ”—the anxious sailors cry—

“ The reason of delay ;

“ The sea is good—the land is nigh—

“ And we regret to stay.

“ No foes await us on the beach,

“ But friends expect us there—

“ We thought ere this, the shore to reach,

“ With wind and tide so fair.”

“Peace”—says the Pilot—“when on shore

“You watch the ebbing tide,

“You’ll call my conduct strange no more,

“Nor blame a faithful guide.”

—Light bounds the vessel o’er the waves,

And up the channel moves;

The deck, the joyous sailor leaves

And greets the friends he loves.

He gazes on the ebbing tide

Receding from the shore—

Recals the conduct of his guide,

And blames his course no more.

For rocks, whose craggy summits stood

By springtide billows crown’d;

Deserted by the surging flood,

On every side are found!

Here whirling pools with dangers teem—
There sandbanks menace death—
Scarce less than miracle 'twould seem,
The sailor draws his breath !

Not wond'ring now—with grateful mind
He can his course recal :
Or if he wonders, 'tis to find
That he exists at all !—

—Here Christian—pause—a lesson learn,
Perhaps not fully known—
And in a sailor's case, discern
Resemblance of thy own.

Is Christ thy Pilot?—trust His skill—
Nor murmur at delay :
He rules in wisdom—and His will
E'en winds and waves obey.

When mystery shrouds the course he steers,
And *harbour views* are sweet;
With acquiescence sink from fears,
Submissive at His feet.

Soon shall we own in wonder lost,
When past the swelling tide—
The danger of the way we cross'd,
The wisdom of our Guide.

Soon shall we see from Zion's height,
Ills never seen before;
Which had we gain'd our wishes, might
Have wreck'd us near the shore!

—Lord! take the trembling hearts we give:
Low at Thy feet we lie—
And only ask—Thine may we live,
And Thine—Oh! may we die!

LOVE.

Oh ! for a seraph's voice to aid my strains !

A seraph's hand, to guide the tuneful lyre,

A seraph's wing, to reach the heavenly plains

And catch a ray of light—a spark of fire—

An emanation from the eternal Sire—

Fresh ardours to enkindle in my song !

Oh ! could my numbers equal my desire,

How would I pour Jehovah's praise along,

And slumb'ring echoes wake, the rocks and woods among !

Shall earth-born worms—of worms the meanest too—

Frail nothing of a moment—dare to raise

The loud hosanna, whilst archangels view

With partial glance, Thy glory streaming rays?

Half veil'd their faces, silently they gaze,

Or prostrate fall, and “holy—holy” cry—

How then shall *I* attempt to lisp Thy praise,

Sovereign of all! great Ruler of the sky!—

No—rather let me cease—and from Thy presence fly.

But whither? What can screen me? not the shade

Of deepest caverns—nor the gloomiest night—

Not mountains hurl'd on mountains o'er my head,

Could hide me from Thy all pervading sight,

Whose eye quick piercing makes the darkness light—

Whose nod is law—whose frown is fraught with fate—

In wisdom infinite—supreme in might—

Omniscient—pure—superlatively great—

Worlds thou canst call from nought, and worlds annihilate!

And what am *I*?—aye, there's a solemn pause—
 Stand forth, my soul, and *thy* perfections bring!
 Thou art His purchase—hast thou own'd His laws?
 His subject—where's allegiance to thy King?
 These thy perfections—these shall plume thy wing—
 And teach how high—how safe thy thoughts may soar—
 What! not one word?—poor, trembling, guilty thing—
 Self-condemnation all thou hast in store!
 Drop thy aspiring note—cease—sorrow—sing no more.—

Yet, why not sing?—because I'm self-aborred—
 Long time a rebel—nothing good in me?
 Nay—'tis not self I sing—'tis Thee good Lord,
 To whom all honour, praise, and glory be—
 On earth—in heaven—in time—eternity.—
 Oh! may this pleasing song my life employ!
 For I was dark—dark—once, but now I see—
 Once loved the world—now count that world a toy—
 Lame and a beggar once—now rich, I leap for joy.

Who wrought the mighty change effected here—
 Softened the stony—made the icy glow ?
Tell me—whose side received the soldier's spear—
 Whose precious blood for sinners once did flow—
Whose death was infamy—whose life was woe—
 Who wept for others—wish'd his murderers well—
Know ye the man ? then—ye my Saviour know !
 Cry—publish the glad tidings—shouting tell—
Who pitied, rescued me, can snatch the worst from hell.

Behold the rising sun—how strong his light—
 The dew-drops glitter in the solar ray !
Mark his departure—he withdraws—'tis night
 Another hemisphere requires the day :
But there's a mental sun will ever stay—
 Love's glorious orb, irradiates, strengthens, cheers—
Shines through the mazes of life's devious way
 Drys floods of sorrow—calms the winds of fears—
Or causes gales of praise, or dews of joyful tears.

Long time, deep hidden in the womb of earth
Groveling I lay—self buried like the mole !
Clung to the dust—refused the second birth—
Call'd light false meteors—liberty controul—
Saw no disease—no need to be made whole—
No prize worth fighting for—no crown to win ;
The gloom of midnight hover'd o'er my soul—
Darkness without—gross darkness all within—
The life one scene of wrong—the heart the seat of sin.

Oh ! boundless mercy—clemency divine !
Love—though determined to dispel the shade,
Perceived my weakness—form'd the grand design—
And feeble glimm'rings to my cell convey'd—
I fled from horrors yet but half display'd ;
The dawn advancing, I discover'd more—
Onward I mov'd—what gave me sight, gave aid,
Wings to my feet, and strength unknown before—
'Till just with upris'n Sun, I gain'd my prison door.

Wrapp'd in a patch-work cov'ring of my own,
Flimsy and torn, I met the morning air—
'Twas snatch'd in haste, and o'er my shoulders thrown,
Yet neither large, nor warm, nor fine, nor fair—
But scanty—cold—its texture thin and bare
It fann'd the breeze, and flutter'd in the wind—
Shiv'ring, I look'd around—put up a prayer—
And whilst an unseen Power inspired my mind
I rent the cobweb robe, and cast the shreds behind!

Naked, ashamed, I knew not where to turn—
I loathed myself—abhorr'd my former place—
Fear'd to advance, lest yonder Sun should burn—
For red as crimson seem'd his glowing face.
Ah! little did I think 'twas sign of grace
Or recollect that Sun in Blood was dyed!
But choice was gone—I saw my desperate case—
Forward I rush'd—I felt a beam applied—
Clapp'd my glad hands with joy, and “Abba Father” cried.

Where then were apprehensions? fled away—
My soul exulted in the Heaven possess'd;
Where'er I went, the prospect seem'd as gay,
And Adam's Eden flourish'd in my breast!
No storms arose—no tempests dared molest—
The cheering sunshine gilded every hour—
I thought, I'd still be happy, then so blest,
That every step should tread upon a flower,
And peace enrich the gale, and joy entwine the bower.

But in a hapless moment, back I threw
A retrospective glance to whence I came—
Then first I doubted if the change were true,
And not the idle fancies of a dream
In glow-worm light, or ignis fatuus flame;
Then dropp'd my shield, esteem'd as nothing worth—
Turn'd from the glorious east—and filled with shame
And guilty terrors, faced the frowning north—
Expecting vengeful wrath would quickly issue forth!

Hour after hour roll'd on with anguish fraught—
I closed my eyes, and thought the day time fled—
Succeeding moments, added terrors brought—
Whilst deep dejection o'er my features spread ;
And oft I wish'd the grave to be my bed,
And oft I fear'd it—dreading future pain—
I shunn'd the Bible—memory's record read—
Whilst every character appear'd more plain,
And fouler every sin and deeper every stain.

“ O mercy—mercy !” issued from my tongue—
Hope in that instant ready entrance found—
I felt 'twas mercy I was spared so long,
My eyes were open'd and I gaz'd around—
“ Turn ye—why will ye die ?”—I caught the sound,
Gazed upward and received a ray divine ?
Then heavenly rapture caused my heart to bound—
Then I determined all things to resign—
Break through a host of foes, and keep my Jesus mine !

E'er since that time has fight succeeded fight—

Small intermission in assaults like these !

The war's protracted—victory's still in sight—

Pain heightens pleasure—labour sweetens ease—

No way to conquer but upon our knees ;

No means to gain the crown, but persevere—

No shore to touch on, if we cross no seas—

No bliss hereafter, if no trials here—

And not a transport thrills, but cost our Lord a tear !

Being of beings ! my Reward above !

My only Source of happiness below !

Confirm the work of faith—encrease my love—

Bid deep humility take root and grow—

Give me Thyself—and—nothing else to know ;

'Tis Thou must satisfy my soul's desire—

'Tis Thou must comfort wheresoe'er I go—

Possessing Thee—I'll joyfully expire—

And shout—triumphant shout—when earth's consumed by
fire !

THE SWEETEST THOUGHT.

SWEET is the early breath of morn
And sweet the close of day,
When linnets press the bending thorn,
Or blackbirds pour the lay :
—But there' a sweeter thought *I* know,
Than morn or eve can e'er bestow !

Sweet is Retirement's friendly shade
When meditation draws,
And Oh ! how sweet is converse made
When friendship forms its laws !—
—But there's a sweeter thought *I* know,
Than that or this can e'er bestow !

Sweet is the genial time of Spring,
And sweet the Summer's view—
What sweetness cannot Autumn bring,
And hoary Winter too !
—But there's a sweeter thought *I* know
Than all the seasons can bestow !

Dear thought ! Oh ! be thou dearer still,
And ever on my heart—
And when I feel a transport thrill,
Do thou the joy impart !—
Still shed thy influence divine
Delightful thought ! that—*God is mine !*



A HYMN.

GIVER of every perfect gift—
Fountain of love divine !
Assist me, whilst I try to lift
This feeble voice of mine.

No distant Being I address,
No frowning Judge implore—
An omnipresent God I bless,
A gracious God adore.

'Tis true I cannot see Thy face,
For mortal eyes are weak ;
But I can feel Thy quickening grace,
And hear Thy Spirit speak.

Through faith, Thy presence I perceive,
Through faith discern Thy voice—
And when unwav'ring I believe,
Unvarying I rejoice.

But ah ! I mourn a heart within,
Unsettled as the sea—
Doubting—unholy—full of sin—
Of every thing but Thee !

Oft when with praise or prayer I go
To bow before Thy Throne—
My treacherous heart admits the foe—
It doubts and is undone.

It robs my joys—it steals my bliss,
On earthly objects driven—
Its wand'ring thoughts disturb my peace,
And hold me back from Heaven.

Saviour ! to Thee I lift my eyes—
To Thee for help I call ;
My nature hinders me to rise,
Thy grace prevents a fall.

Thus held by love, assail'd by grief—
Suspended as in air,
I'll grasp Thy footstool—gain relief—
Or perish weeping there !

Not worlds could bribe me to resign
My present glorious hope—
Be sorrow, want, affliction mine—
I'll never give it up.

I'll fight unyielding—brave the strife—
Nor fear while Christ is nigh :
If victory be withheld in life
I'll conquer when I die.

A SPRING MORNING.

BREAK, ye clouds—ye shadows fly
Quick before the morning breezes !
'Till the darkness leaves the sky—
'Till the brighten'd landscape pleases.—
—The clouds disperse—the shades decay—
Encreasing light proclaims the day:
Thou mental gloom—retire—remove—
For God is here—and—“ God is Love !”

Hark ! the little warblers send
Matin strains from trees and bushes—
Yielding thorns appear to bend,
Throng'd by linnets, blackbirds, thrushes—

Assist, my soul ! the general praise,
Though less harmonious be thy lays—
Assist the tenants of the grove,
For God is here—and—“ God is Love !”

Now the east of saffron hue,
Seems with richer lustre streaming—
Now the sun forbids the view,
In effulgent splendour beaming—
Majestic—slow—he rises higher—
Saluted by the woodland choir ;
Mount—mount—my soul ! like him above—
For God is here—and—“ God is Love.”

Raindrops pendent from the spray,
Touch'd by zephyrs, fall or tremble—
And beneath the solar ray,
All the rainbow's tints resemble—
'Tis thus we catch the life divine,
And learn to glow—and learn to shine ;
Whilst every Christian's life should prove
That God is here—and—“ God is Love !”

Seraph!—veil thy face of flame—
Cherub!—shout the wondrous story—
Mortal! catch the blissful theme—

Present is the King of Glory!
Yes—wide diffused throughout all space,
He fills the heavens—He fills this place—
Nor could I from His presence rove,
For God is here—and—“God is Love!”

Quickened by ~~this truth~~ sublime,
Run my soul! the path of duty—
Soon, beyond the reach of time
Thou shalt see Him in His beauty—
The stars shall fall—the earth decay—
The heavens as parchment roll away—
But nothing shall thy quiet move,
For God is *thine*—and—“God is Love!”

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A BELOVED SISTER.

THERE is a something in poetic strains,

Which lines prosaic never can convey—

There is a noble inspiration reigns

Where solemn truths require the solemn lay—

And through the meanest channel, heavenly Day

Quick penetrating, can transfuse its light—

Oh ! that by me, one soul enlivening ray

Might reach my Sister—clear her mental sight—

And put remaining doubts, like morning clouds to flight !

Almighty Sovereign of the earth and sky—
 Inspirer of the work thou deign'st to approve!—
 Oh ! sanction mine ! and whilst I feebly try
 To show the fulness, freeness of Thy love;
 Grant I may never from my subject rove,
 But from experience, point the path to peace—
 In Thee, and for Thee, may I think—write—move—
 Invigorated by Thy strength'ning grace—
 My aim Thy glory be, till life and being cease !

True—I am but a reptile—from the clod
 Lately emerged, to feel the warmth divine—
 But tell thy creature, condescending God !
 Hast thou not deign'd to call that reptile Thine—
 To bid my deadness live—my darkness shine—
 My fetter'd spirit, rise and follow Thee?
 Then take my thoughts—my motive—my design—
 And send a blessing by the weakest, me—
 Clay by Thy hand applied, can cause the blind to see.

My Sister !—art thou guilty? dost thou dread
 The Day of Judgment as a day of woe?
 I charge thee, mourner—lift thy drooping head—
 God hath commanded, and it shall be so—
 Thy sins tho' scarlet, shall be white as snow—
 Mountains may totter, promises are sure !
 Art thou polluted? to the Fountain go—
 There drop thy burden—wash thee and be pure—
 And feeling thy disease, accept the offer'd cure.

Thou canst not doubt the virtue of that stream,
 Or if thou dost, remember *I* was there—
 Pardon—peace—life—are found in Jesu's name,
 More full than thought can reach—more free than air—
 Dost thou enquire on what conditions?—where?
 What depth of sorrow?—with how sad a brow?
 Join to thy present grief, believing prayer—
 This moment, at His footstool prostrate bow—
 This is salvation's day—the time accepted *now*.

Thou can'st not purchase what's already bought—

The mere idea is absurd as vain ;

Nay—worse—'tis impious—at least in thought—

Works cannot merit—pilgrimages gain—

What cost our great Redeemer so much pain—

For which he suffer'd—bow'd His head—and died.

The crimson current cleanses every stain—

Faith is the hand by which it is applied—

Faith is the only means—"by faith" thou'rt "justified."

" All things are ready now"—the Father stands,

Beaming compassion, whilst He cries, " my child"—

For thee, the Son extends His wounded hands,

Prays and beseeches thee—" be reconciled"—

And hark ! the whispers of His Spirit, mild,

" Arise—why tarriest thou?"—disdain to dread—

Spring forth, my Sister—be no more beguiled—

Angels might weep, had angels tears to shed,

To see the hungry soul, refuse the Living Bread.

Art thou afraid to trust Him?—Oh! beware—

There's something selfish in a servile fear:

Cast self away—to Jesu's feet repair—

Tell Him "I'll perish, if I perish, here!"

Stretch forth thy hand—He brings the sceptre near—

"What wilt thou Esther"—what wouldst thou receive?

"Lord! as a guilty rebel I appear—

"Or send me from Thee—or my sins forgive—

"I venture on Thy Word—I must—I do, believe."

Dost thou? then wondrous truth! the cherub throng

With deepen'd rapture, hallelujah's sing!

Dost thou? then catch the theme—the notes prolong—

Cry, "endless glory to the Eternal King!"

Shout the full triumph 'till thy soul takes wing,

And feels a transport never felt before—

Fly—break the willow—strike each joyful string—

Thy harp shall know a plaintive sound no more—

But all within rejoice—love—wonder—and adore!

Farewell, my Sister—may the shadows fade,

And day celestial open on thy view !

May He, whom I implore, impart His aid—

And in His image all thy soul renew—

The snare discover—force thy passage through—

And unbelief with power Almighty rend !

Only pray on—thy mourning days are few—

Soon shall the sinner meet the sinner's Friend—

Thy sorrows disappear—thy comforts have no end.



THE HAND OF LOVE.

IN MEMORY OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND.

———Ainsi que l'astre auteur de la lumière,
Après, avoir rempli sa brûlante carrière,
Au bord de l'horizon brille d'un feu plus doux,
Et, plus grand à nos yeux, paraît fuir loin de nous.

LA HENRIADE.

'Twas the evening of a day,
Such as we have often seen—
Mark'd by many a sunny ray,
With some low'ring clouds between—
Placid was the evening tide—
Scarce a zephyr brushed the air—
Slowly sank the Sun—and dyed
Western sky and mountain's side,
Leaving crimson farewells there.

In a chamber's calm seclusion
Burn'd a little taper, bright—
Where had flow'd in rich profusion,
Orient and meridian light—
It had caught the rising flame
Long before the close of day—
But, surrounded by the stream
Of splendour, which at noontide came—
Weak and sickly was its ray.

As the twilight shades drew on,
Farther spread its light and higher—
'Till day's faintest lines withdrawn,
Strongly glow'd its steady fire—
—At that moment—o'er its top
An extinguisher descended—
A hand was seen to lift it up—
A hand, to let it gently drop—
And thus its burning ended.

Sainted spirit of my friend !

Art thou hov'ring near me ?

Yes—methinks I see thee bend

With desire to hear me !

Lower than thy purpled wing—

Pause in thy celestial flight—

Catch the theme I try to sing—

Then plume thy pinion—upward spring—

And shout it through the realms of light.

Thou, the little taper wast—

Lighted—burning—shining—

Brightest when the noon was past—

Day of health declining !

Strong appear'd thy mental powers—

Rich thy glow of heavenly feeling—

Grace was thine in sacred showers,

And upon thy closing hours

Glory's golden beams were stealing.

'Twas the *Hand of Love* convey'd
All thy lustre to thee—
Was there less of love display'd,
When that Hand withdrew thee?
Hark!—methinks the cherub throng
In a burst of praise engages;
Whilst these accents pour along—
“Love is her triumphant song
“Through the roll of endless ages!”

Sainted spirit of my friend!
Art thou hov'ring near me?
Pause—Oh! pause—I pray thee bend—
Yet a moment hear me—
Soon we hope to catch thy strain—
Soon to share thy bliss above—
And enraptured shout again—
The Hand which caus'd our sharpest pain,
Was the well known *Hand of Love*!

WHAT DO I LOVE?

I LOVE the gloom of the Wintry sky,

When the landscape is bleak and bare—

When the humid winds through crevices sigh,

And the heart responds to the sounds passing by,

As if something congenial were there !—

I love the blaze of the Summer's day,

When nature has reach'd her prime—

When flowers expand to the solar ray,

And the spirit is light, and the countenance gay,

And unheeded the lapse of time !—

I love the lot which is mark'd by toil,
In the bustling scenes of a crowd—
Which never is cheer'd by prosperity's smile,
Nor promises rest, its pains to beguile,
'Till the body be ~~wrapp~~d in a shroud!—

I love the lot which has leisure and wealth,
And exemption from hurry and noise—
Abounding in friends, conducive to health,
And once in a year, admitting by stealth
A trial to heighten its joys!—

But stay—lest my language too copious should prove—
Or my feelings seem various and odd;
I shall sum up the whole, by affirming, I love
Whatever on earth, or in Heaven above,
Is the *work* or the *will* of my God.



THE REQUISITION.

Rouse—ye latent powers of mind !
Dormant energies—awake !
Why inactive—or confined
To the range that thought can take ?

Let expression give you form—
Language bring you forth to view ;
Know this truth—the heart when warm,
Has the gift of *warming* too.

Yes—we catch a kindred glow—
Grace's sweet attraction feel—
For the loadstone can bestow
Power magnetic on the steel.

Ah ! I recollect the time,
When by airy nothings fired—
Ye produced the tuneful rhyme,
Nor a stimulus required.

Following Fancy's idle dreams,
Oft for nought ye labour'd hard—
Trifles furnish'd you with themes,
And a trifle with reward.

Now, when touch'd by fire from Heaven,
Nobler strains to you belong.—
Yes—to you—to you is given
Greater than an angel's song!

Rouse—ye latent powers of mind !
Dormant energies—awake !
Spring to action—unconfin'd—
And a Saviour's praises speak.

Hark!—a requisition flies
From the quick revolving days—
“Life itself” the summons cries,
“Is too short to tell His praise!”

Every blessing finds a voice,
Every trial urges more—
That enables to rejoice,
This impels us to adore.

Haste my heart—my tongue—my hand—
In the pleasing toil unite;
When 'tis gratitude's command,
Sure—obedience is delight!

Timid, trembling, fluttering heart!
Why no message to the tongue?
Tongue—hast thou forgot thy part?
Hand—inactive why so long?

What excuses can you plead—
 Or what promises produce?
 Conduct such as yours, will need
 Both a promise and excuse.

HEART.

Oh! forbear—nor rashly say
 I no thankfulness possess—
 Did my feelings lighter weigh,
 Would not utterance pain me less?

When a fellow mortal's kind,
 How I groan beneath the load!
 What new pressure must I find,
 When my benefactor's—God!

Call not then my feelings weak—
 Though the tongue its aid denies,
 I, through other means can speak—
 Through the *conduct* and the *eyes*.

At the sound of Jesu's name,
Gushing tears shall tell, I love—
And the life shall yet proclaim,
All my treasure is above !

TONGUE.

I plead guilty—but implore
Special favour at this time—
For, who ever call'd before,
Inability a crime ?

Grovelling are my best essays,
When on lofty themes I speak—
If I lisp a Saviour's praise,
Shame may justly dye the cheek !

Can I promise to amend ?
Can I point to coming hours ?
Must not such a task transcend
All the stretch of mortal powers ?

Yet though days, and months, and years,
Little aid, or promise bring—
Still—a glorious prospect cheers,
How I'll speak—and shout—and sing.

From obstructions fully free—
Raised—ennobled—and refined—
In Eternity, I'll be
Herald of th' immortal mind !

HAND.

And the hand, which fails to paint
Colours so divinely fair—
Here so awkward, trembling, faint,
Shall be strangely gifted there !

Taking from celestial fire,
Energies unknown before—
It shall strike the golden lyre—
Servile copyist no more.

There—the heart shall glow—expand—

There—the tongue shall shout for joy—

Both, assisted by the hand,

Skilful in its new employ !

Jesu's name shall fire the heart—

Jesu's name shall fill the tongue—

Whilst the hand can act its part—

Jesus shall be all the song !



TO THE MOON.

I LOVE to gaze on thy orb so bright,
Pale Moon—in the blue vault beaming !
And of years long past, recal the delight
Which stolè on my soul in the stillness of night,
When thy silvery splendour was streaming.—

I have seen thee rise with a crescent of red,
As if wroth for the guilt of the nation—
But the glow was short-lived, and insensibly fled—
Giving place to the radiance of mercy instead—
Soft—mild—o'er the face of creation.

I have wander'd the woods and meadows among,
No spectral illusion alarming,
When rain-drops congeal'd on the branches have hung—
Or broad flakes of snow, which the morning had flung—
Made the place of thy presence more charming.

I have gazed with joy on thy orb so bright,
Pale Moon—in the blue vault beaming!
'Till my heart felt the rapturous throb of delight—
And the pinion of fancy ascended the height
Whence thy silvery splendour was streaming.

And Oh!—yet a little—I see thee no more—
From the scene of thy shining I sever—
I might sigh, could thy absence diminish the store
Of the bliss I now feel—and have oft felt before—
But it springs from the thought, that when moonshine is o'er,
My tenure of rapture's *for ever!*



TO MARY.

You ask me, why I oft-times wear
A look with pensive feeling fraught—
And seek by sympathy, to share
My burden of oppressive thought—

You ask me, why the frequent tear
Steals down my cheek—or dims my eye—
And kindly anxious, beg to hear
The language of the passing sigh.

Mary ! can pilgrims think of *home*,
And not for all its pleasures pine ?
Oh ! it is dear, where'er they roam !—
Mary—the pilgrim's heart is mine.

I languish for my native skies—
I pant to breathe a purer air—
Chide each slow moment as it flies,
And bid it bear me quicker there !

Mary—the sigh you would dismiss—
The tear you almost weep to see—
Spring from anticipated bliss—
And hope becomes a heaven to me !

'Tis not, that earth a desert seems—
That life presents a waste of wee—
That few and fitful are the gleams
Of sunshine, on my path below.—

Oh! no—unnumber'd mercies meet
My wondering eye at every view !—
And could I tell, my lot how sweet,
Mary!—'twould make you grateful too.

Friends—*independence—leisure—ease—*

Richly compose my outward store ;

And with a heart to taste all these—

Is it not strange I sigh for more !

Nay—place me with the Seraph bright—

My cup like his, with rapture fill—

But hide *one object* from my sight,

And I shall sigh for something still !

Oh ! what are angel choirs to me—

Or scenes which you celestial call ?

Mary !—'tis God I long to see—

Mary !—my God is “all in all !”

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. —

Oh ! it was a solemn place !
Death had paid a visit there—
And commission'd, where's the face
Death was ever known to spare ?

Pallid was the lifeless clay—
Dusky was the coffin's hue—
Matrons !—this the close of day—
Youths !—she had her morning too.

“ Mother ! ”—sons and daughters cried—
“ Must thou never speak again ?
“ Wife ! ”—an aged sire replied,
“ Mine's the sorrow—mine's the pain ! ”—

Pause, my muse—awhile forbear—
 Rather sing the Christian's race—
 Who was she, lamented there?
 For it was a solemn place!

She was one in early years,
 Whom the world accounted, good—
 Sure of Heaven—for—why should fears
 On a *moral life* intrude?

She was one, whom grace had taught,
 Moral life could never save her—
 That a *change of heart* is wrought,
 When we gain our Maker's favour!

Much of guilt, she felt within,
 On her burden'd conscience lying—
 Struggled with the yoke of sin—
 Shuddered at the thought of dying—

Whither should a sinner flee?

Power and pardon all she wanted—

“Lord! in mercy pardon me!”—

This she ask’d—and this was granted.

She believed her dying Lord

Was for her offences given—

Ventured on the Sacred Word—

Found that faith could open Heaven!

Sweetly rising through her soul,

Joy dispell’d the gloom of sadness—

Peace forbad a wave to roll—

Love diffused the beams of gladness!

Then she view’d the glorious prize—

Then she valued earth no more—

Oh! she saw with other eyes

Than she ever saw before!

Well—this life will try the best—
 Happy the believing few,
 Who in God can calmly rest—
 Smile at all their foes can do !

She was tempted—she was tried—
 Oft her cup was dash'd with gall—
 Yet—with Jesus on her side,
 She could more than conquer all !

Aye—but in the latest hour,
 —Tell us, did her faith remove?
 Living—she show'd forth His power—
 Dying—she proclaim'd His love.

“ Now ”—th' expiring saint exclaim'd—
 “ Now—my Jesus—quickly come ! ”
 He was present whom she named—
 Angels caught the spirit home.

Pause my muse!—restrain thy flight—
'Tis enough for thee to know,
She for ever sings in light—
Thou must sing a while below—

Oh! it was a heavenly place!
Whilst around the lifeless clay,
Christians sung redeeming grace—
Who had better right than they?

Soft the pleasing numbers flow'd,
Such as angels stoop to hear—
“We have found a pard'ning God—
“We have found Redemption near!”

Loud the lofty strains arose—
Such as angels love to join;
“Praise the Source whence pleasure flows—
“Praise the Source of joys divine.”

Now they bless'd the Hand which gave—
Now the Hand which took away—
Now they triumph'd o'er the grave—
Who had better right than they?

Partner!—I resign my claim—
He who smooths the brow of care,
Points to Heaven my nobler aim—
And we'll meet together there!

Parent!—though of thee bereft,
Still we have a Friend on high—
Still we have a Father left,
Who can never—never die!



IN MEMORY OF J. C. G. ESQ.

WHO DIED IN FRANCE, AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Quasi bel fior succiso.

TASSO.

If to survey the youthful form,

Expressive of exterior grace—

To mark the mantling life-blood, warm

With health, or hectic flush, the face—

To catch the echoes of the heart,

Responding sweet in converse free—

And hear the tuneful tongue impart

The mind's peculiar melody—

If thus to see—and thus to hear—
With friendly interchange of thought—
Alone be knowledge—then—Oh ! G——
Sighing I say—*I knew thee not !*

But, if to meet thee on thy page,
Pourtray'd with artlessness and truth—
To find the wisdom of the sage,
Join'd to the vigour of the youth—

To view the intellectual glow,
Connected with a mind mature—
And hear the words of sweetness flow,
From piety sublime and pure—

If from thy letters, thus to learn
What they so feelingly could tell—
If *thus* thy spirit to discern—
Be knowledge—then—*I knew thee well !*

Cold is thy dust—I therefore speak
Fearless, lest eulogy should raise
The rich suffusion, on the cheek
Of modest worth—alarm'd at praise.

Time, lengthened time—not always brings
Correct conceptions of a friend—
Whilst moments, from minutest things,
The mental character may send.

'Twas thus, that one short evening threw
In brightness, on my path below—
All that of thee, I ever knew—
All that I now shall ever know !

I loved thy spirit—felt its power—
Perceived thy near approaching bliss—
And sigh'd to think, so fair a flower
Must cease to deck a world like this !

But go—we would not hold thee here—
Regret were impious in thy case—
Go—heir of glory!—and appear
Approved before thy Saviour's face.

Thine is perfection's rapturous height—
All earthly science far above.
Thine is a permanence of Light;
And thine a plenitude of Love!—

Hush—heard I not a passing gale
Waft some sad sighs from Gallia's shore!
Or was it Fancy form'd a tale
Of parents, who would *smile no more*?

A Mother felt the last embrace—
A Mother caught the parting breath—
Gaz'd wildly on her darling's face,
And shudder'd as he sank in death!

A Father—ah ! in pity spare
The repetition of his wo !—
Gone is his only child—and where
Blooms happiness for him below ?

It does—it shall—the glad return
Of cheering hope shall gild the breast—
From grief emerging, brighter burn—
And light the sufferers *Home* to rest !

E

Oh ! it was *Mercy* raised the rod—
By *Mercy's* hand the cup was given—
And *Mercy* whispers—“Live to God,
“ And meet your sainted son in Heaven !”



VERSES

ACCOMPANYING A BIOGRAPHICAL WORK TO A FRIEND, WHO
HAD ASKED THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF ITS CONTENTS.

I LOVE to dwell on days of yore,
Recorded in historic pages—
And with the writer, travel o'er
The varied scenes of former ages.—

I love to sip the nectar'd dew,
From classic wild-flowers—trembling—pendent—
And mark in Reason's twilight view,
Truths, Revelation makes resplendent.—

But Oh ! if *love* may designate
That tranquil pleasure—gently stealing—
What term appropriate, gives the state
Of present—strange—o'erwhelming feeling?

I weep with Martha o'er her woes—
I hang upon her plaintive story—
Admire the life—and in its close,
Spring up in thought, with her to glory !

I see the clouds, which long conceal'd
Her angel brightness, drawn aside—
Error exposed—and Truth reveal'd—
And Heaven array'd on Virtue's side—

I triumph in her rescued worth—
Delighted trace the facts which prove it—
Such feeling has the book drawn forth—
—If this be *love*—I dearly love it !

TO A WITHERED LEAF.

Stop—little fugitive! and say,
Whither so fast—
Flitting so lightsome on my way—
Before the blast?—

Is it a kindred leaf to meet—
Wither'd and sear—
Sporting around the traveller's feet,
Oft wand'ring here?—

With it to climb the mountain's side—
To brush the plains—
To spread the tidings far and wide,
That Winter reigns?—

Or to review thy parent tree,
Of stately stem—
And whilst thy fellows sigh o'er thee,
To sigh for them?

Stop—little fugitive!—'tis vain—
Winter's abroad!
Bare is the mountain—waste the plain—
Sterile the clod!

And could'st thou reach thy parent tree,
Of stately stem—
How vain thy fellows' sighs o'er thee,
And thine for them!

Oh! stay thee on my path awhile—
Thou withered leaf!
Thou hast a language, might beguile
The tear from grief—

It tells—'tis true—of joys departed—
Hope, withering fled—
Of friends—some living—broken-hearted—
Some, long since dead !—

But to my mind—it speaks of Heaven—
In clearer tone—
—*There* bliss is ne'er by tempests driven—
Sorrow's unknown—

There—friends, eternal union prove—
Grief is forgot—
And on the Tree of Life and Love,
Leaves wither not !



THE ARK.

OH ! what a warning voice was *there* !

“ The day of vengeance draweth nigh—

“ Noah—go forth—an ark prepare—

“ For man hath sinn’d, and man shall die”—

The ark was built—the tidings flew—

A general deluge was expected—

Some coldly hoped it was not true—

And some with scorn the thought rejected.

In vain did Noah make it known—

Where’er ’twas publish’d, ’twas opposed ;

His family were saved alone—

They enter’d—and the door was closed.

The vivid light'ning glared around,
Terrific to the guilty soul—
Earth, at the thunder's awful sound,
Shook from the centre to the pole.

The rains descended—rivers swell'd—
Old Ocean pour'd a ceaseless store—
No bonds restrain'd—no banks withheld—
'Twas all a sea without a shore !

The waters rose—encreas'd—prevail'd—
Man, still some hope of safety cherish'd ;
Fled to the hills—but mountains fail'd—
And every living creature perish'd !

The ark alone, the tempest braved—
And o'er the foaming surges bounded ;
Its freight secure—its inmates saved—
Loudly the song of praise resounded.

Oh ! what a warning voice is *here* !

“ The day of Judgment draweth nigh—

“ Th’ Omnipotent will soon appear—

“ Fly to the Ark for refuge—*fly* !”

Mortals !—’tis not in death alone,

That its protection is demanded—

Now, make it yours, or be undone—

Embark—or you can ne’er be landed.

See where affliction’s billows roll,

And mountain-like, encroaching rise—

Borne in the Ark, the faithful soul

Ascends the height—and grasps the skies !

See where temptation’s whirling deeps,

Seem ready to devour their prey—

The Ark, its charge in safety keeps—

Bounds o’er the gulf—and moves away !

Haste, sinner—haste—the Judge is near—

The sword of vengeance is impending ;

Perhaps, before another year

Thou'lt see the liquid fire descending.

The trump shall sound—the sleepers start—

The dead and living meet their sentence !—

Ah ! thoughtless sinner—ask thy heart,

Is *that* a period for repentance ?

Haste, mourner—haste—disdain to doubt—

Come, naked, sorrowful, and poor !—

Here is no partial shutting out—

The wounded side's an open door.

“ Who will, may come ”—this promise take—

This Ark-connected plank is ready—

'Twill neither twist—nor bend—nor break—

Only be thou determined—steady.

Believer !—hast thou enter'd in ?

Make sure thy calling and election—

Obtain a “cleansing from all sin,”

The *evangelical* perfection.

Avoid dissensions, discord, strife—

Shun all appearances of evil—

Be thine the sect, that follow life—

The party that oppose the devil !

Be holiness thy path to tread—

Humility thy soul's adorning—

Gather and eat—for manna's shed,

Each moment, plenteous as each morning.

But why on types and figures dwell—

Can parts suffice us for the whole ?

Here drop the shadow—reader ! tell—

Hast thou the substance in thy soul ?

Say—is the Saviour truly *thine*?

Oh! then rejoice—give thanks—and sing—
Nor rest, till fill'd with Love Divine,
Thy Priest and Prophet is thy King.



WINTER.

SWEET—sweet is the Spring when the primrose appears—
And the sky-colour'd violet peeps out of the shade—
When the morn's gentle showers, or the eve's dewy tears
Gem the leaves of the daisy, bespangling the mead.

But tho' Spring has its sweetness—and Summer its bloom,
And Autumn its richer profusion can show—
Dearer far to my heart, is that season whose gloom,
Gives the face of creation the semblance of wo!

Yes, Winter—I love thee—snow-clad as thou art!
And if ever I cease thus to love thee, I fear
That friendship shall cease to be dear to my heart—
And Religion itself to be equally dear.

Whilst I hear thy rough blasts wildly raging around,
I mount on the tempest—and soar to the skies!—
Sensations of rapture are borne on the sound—
And the tears of enjoyment spring up to my eyes.

To me, the dark cloud tells of brightness in Heaven—
The storm, of a land where afflictions are o'er—
And Oh! with each rush of the whirlwind, is given
Assurance—that soon *I shall hear it no more!*

Then welcome dear Winter! I hail thy return—
Tho' oddly dissimilar, still we agree—
Triumphant I smile, whilst thy blasts seem to mourn—
And tho' gloomy thy face—*all is joyous with me.*



TO A WATCH.

**LITTLE Monitor !—how great
Are the truths thou canst impart !—
True—they never strike the ear—
But may always reach the heart.**

**Whilst I mark the speed of Time,
In the moments as they fly—
Fancy lends ideal sounds—
And to me, they seem to cry—**

**“ Mortal ! we a record bear,
“ Of thy every work below—
“ Of thy tempers—converse—thoughts—
“ What they do—and whence they flow !**

" Silently we steal away—
 " Busy—busy—every one!
" We have our allotted task—
 " And that task perform'd, are gone.

" See!—our brethren pass'd before,
 " Shew the impress of thy mind—
" We have caught its later form—
 " Latest comes with those behind!

" Hopes and fears—and joys and griefs—
 " Quick as form'd, are borne away—
" Mortal!—every load we bear,
 " Meets thee in the Judgment Day!"



THE VOICE OF THE PENITENT.

" Oh ! that I knew where I might find Him."

ALMIGHTY, unchangeable God !

Surrounded with glory on high—

Wilt Thou look from Thy lofty abode—

And hear such a sinner as I ?

No offering I bring to Thy throne,

But a heart, 'all unholy—unclean—

No plea, but the death of thy Son,

Who died to redeem me from sin—

With the sense of my burden oppress'd
I groan—but I cannot get free !
Earth fails to afford me that rest
Which I seek—till I find it in Thee.

Its pleasures as poisons I spurn—
Its honours, as fleeting I prove—
This world as a dungeon I mourn,
'Till illumed by the beams of Thy Love.

Abroad, like the dove, I would fly,
Some prospect of rest to obtain—
But darkness envelopes the sky
And waters encompass the plain—

No cheering appearance of land,
Where my journey might end, I have seen—
Oh ! stretch forth in mercy Thy Hand
And take the poor wanderer in !

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

LIGHT—light be the pressure of turf on thy breast—

Ever green be the hillock raised o'er thee, my mother!—

Tho' I ne'er, when a babe, to thy bosom was press'd—

Ne'er heard thy soft voice hush my sorrows to rest—

Yet as parent and child we regarded each other!

Grace form'd the relationship—taught us to feel

A mutual attraction, whilst journeying to Heaven—

Death lurk'd in our way—thee he seiz'd on—yet still—

'Twas the body, alone—he had power to kill—

And the union remains, strong as when it was given!

Light—light be the pressure of turf on thy breast—

Ever green be the hillock, rais'd o'er thee, my mother !

For thee I rejoice—for myself am distress'd—

I, the subject of grief—thou, ineffably blest—

How striking the contrast we form to each other !

But sorrow is selfish—such sorrow as mine—

Which mourns o'er my pain, tho' assured of thy pleasure !

Far hence be this sadness—I cannot repine—

For the stroke was inflicted by mercy divine—

And design'd to secure, not diminish, my treasure.

I shall see thee again—shall rejoin thee once more—

My feelings no longer with agony smarting—

I look with delight to my gaining that shore,

Where the waves shall subside—and the tempests be o'er—

And the followers of Christ shall be strangers to parting !

Light—light be the pressure of turf on thy breast—

Ever green be the hillock, rais'd o'er thee, my mother !

My tears cease to flow—and—my sighs are suppress'd—

In the prospect of glory, I joyfully rest—

And the thought, that ere long, we shall meet with each
other.

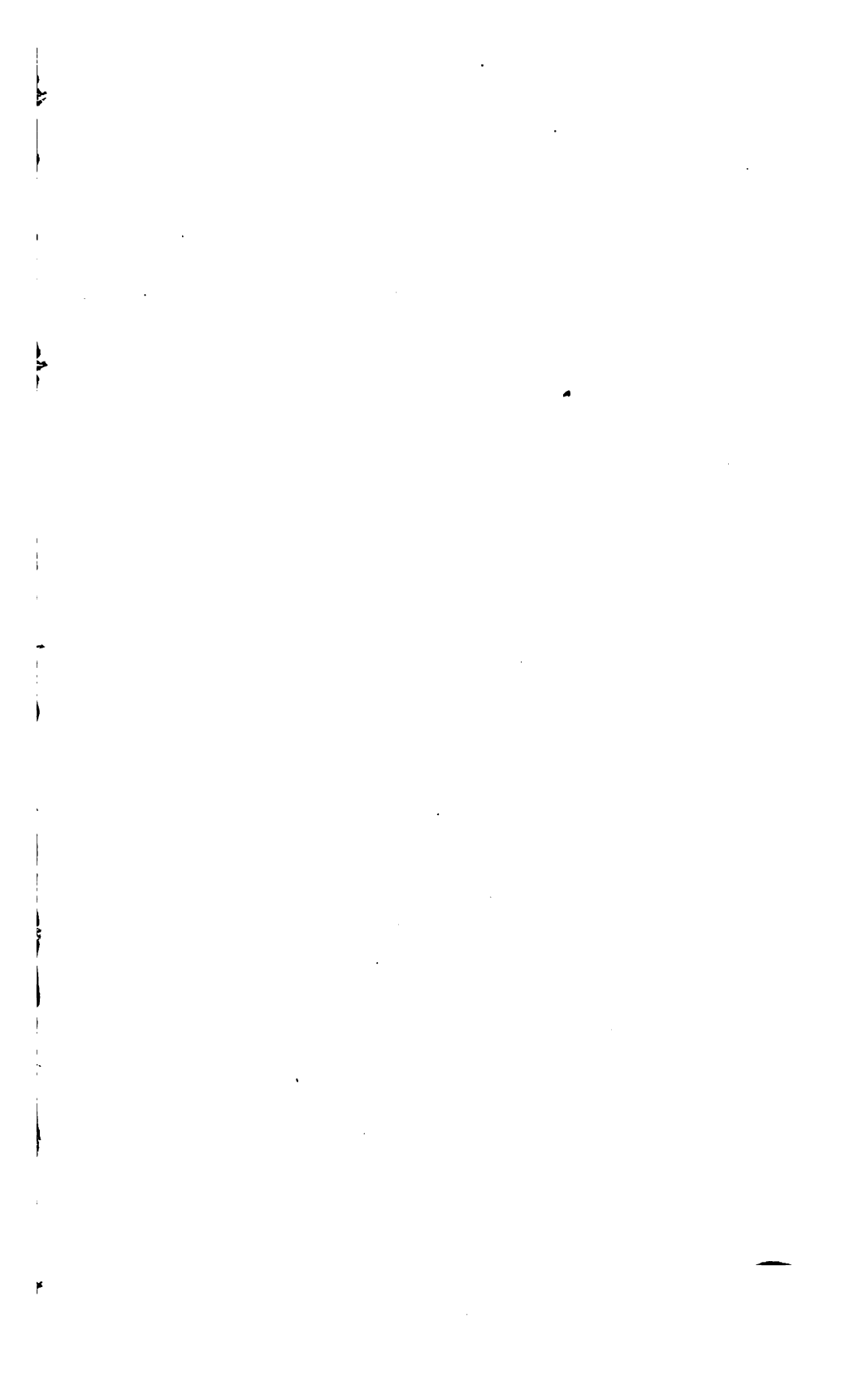
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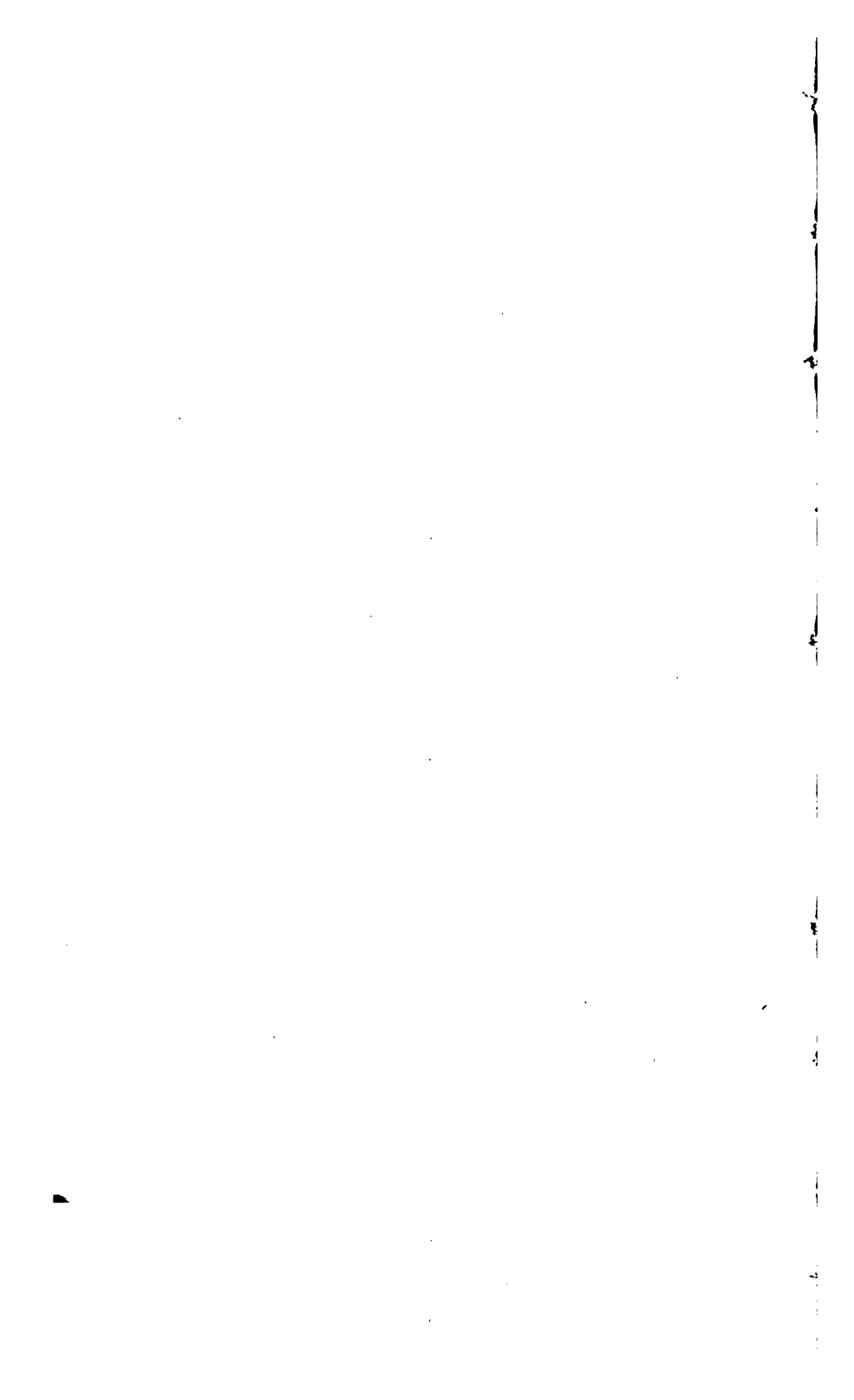
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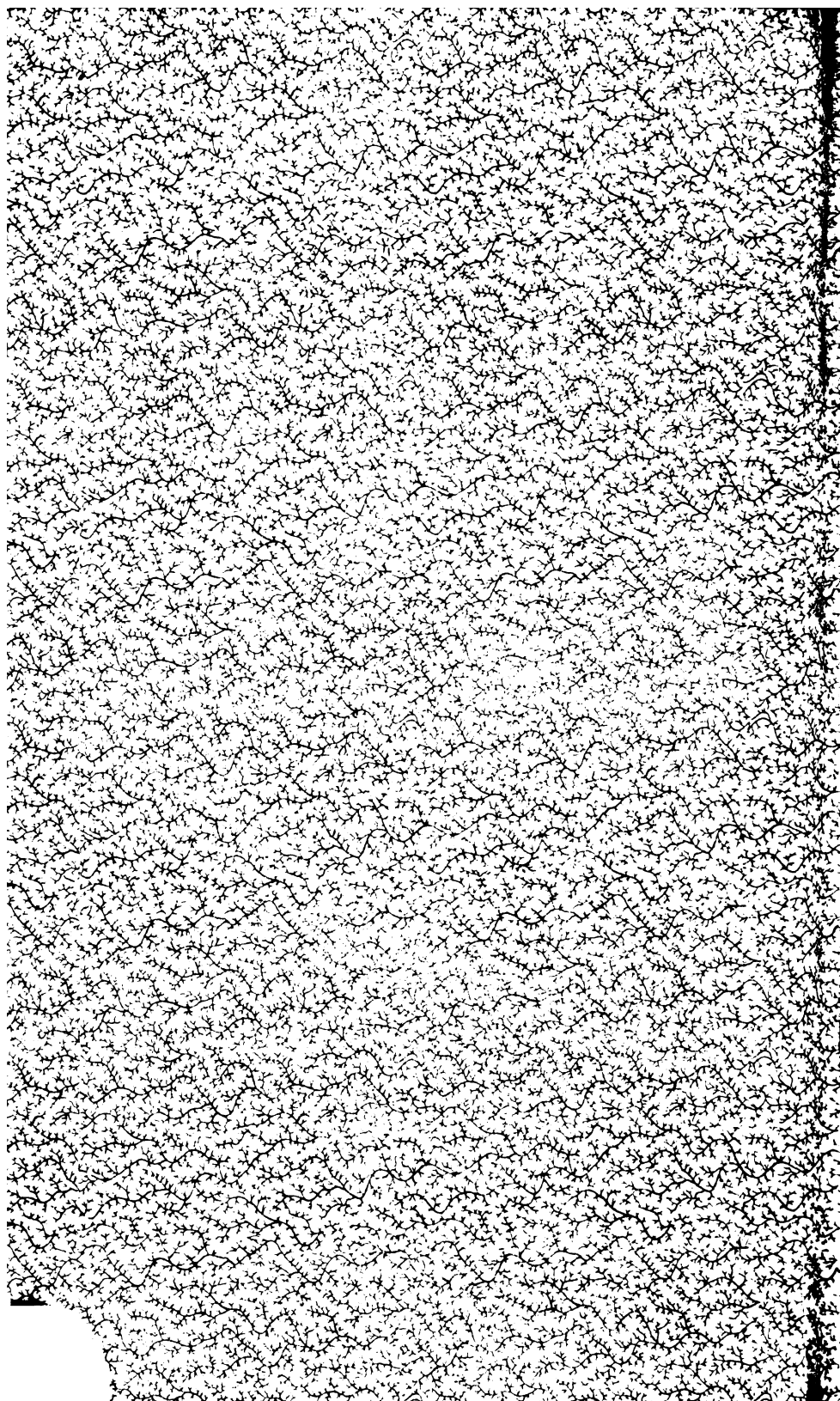


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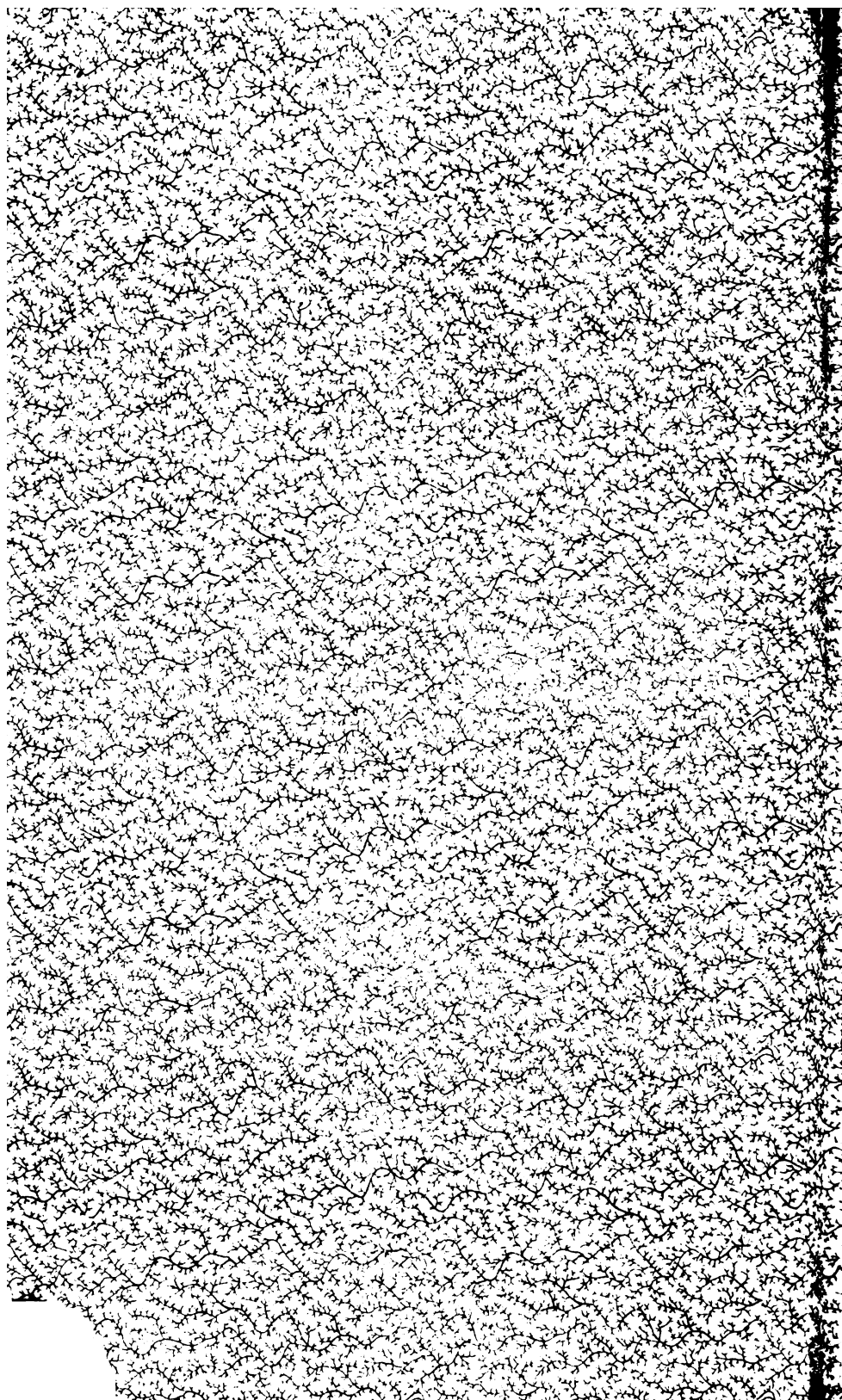






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